Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1837. VOL. VII. No. 34.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A great number of letters and communications are before us that we are unable to insert or notice this week. Our earliest leisure will be devoted to our correspondents, for whose favors we are duly grateful.

The packet ship *England*, Capt. Waite, arrived on Thursday from Liverpool, bringing dates to the 4th of Sept. We received by her twelve magazines of the current month, and our files of English papers, so that we shall be enabled to keep up the war with spirit.

CONTENTS OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

The *First* number of the new volume, published on the 18th February, 1837, contained an *Alphabetical List of* American Winning Horses, Four Mile Heats, during the year 1836—Reports of Races—Matches—On Dits in Sporting Circles—Essays on Blood Stock—Pedigrees, etc., and a great variety of *Sporting Intelligence*.

The *Second* number (25th Feb.) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses*, Three Mile Heats, with a great variety of Sporting and Theatrical Intelligence.

The *Third* number (4th March) contained the Pedigrees, Characteristics, and Performances of "the cracks of the day," including *John Bascombe*, *Post Boy*, *Mingo*, *Rodolph*, and *Linnet*, with the usual variety of other reading matter.

The *Fourth* number (11th March) contains a complete *Alphabetical List of Stallions* for 1837—(consisting of 123 of the most distinguished)—with several communications from Breeders and Turfmen in different sections of the country, and other original articles.

The *Fifth* number (18th March) contained a *Complete List of English Winning Horses* of 1836, at all distances, being the only one published in America.

The *Ninth* number (April 15th) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses, Two Mile Heats*.

The *Twentieth* number (July 1), contained an Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses* of 1836, at *Mile Heats*, with a variety of Statistics of the Turf.

☞ Back numbers from the commencement of the present volume, will be furnished to new subscribers if desired. Files will also be preserved at the office for binding, at the expiration of the year, for such gentlemen as wish it.

Things Theatrical.

The Park—Since it gives so much spirit to theatrical matters, we are not displeased to see the present rivalry between our two best theatres. The *Park* and the *National* are enjoying a harvest of that commodity of which most men's pockets are reported to be very deficient, at this present writing. But the regular theatre-goer snaps his fingers at the hard times, and partakes of his wonted amusement with a double relish—so, at least, it seems to us; for since Fanny Kemble's day, we have seen nothing like the jams that crowd these two houses nightly. The Park, for various causes, takes the lead in point of numbers, most decidedly; yet the National management has naught to complain of on this score. Mr. Forrest has been re-engaged, and resumed some of those characters in which he has acquired a great portion of his celebrity—as Metamora, Spartacus, Damon, &c. The bare announcement that he plays either of these, fills the Park to the very ceilings with his thousands of enthusiastic admirers. The constancy of this gentleman's friends is proverbial, and their unabated zeal to evidence their admiration "passes all understanding." In the present instance, however, this zeal is somewhat tinctured with a sprinkling of jealousy at the decided success of Mr. Vandenhoff at the other house, and thus are his friends quickened to evidence their appreciation of the merits of their favorite of favorites, by giving him *bumpers* on each night of his performance.

The National.—This house is doing passing well—better than ever its friends had reason to anticipate. What is better still, it deserves the success it meets with. Vandenhoff has made himself so entirely the favorite with a large class of the community, that his audiences are of the sterling quality, both as to numbers and respectability. Added to this attraction, the National possesses almost a superabundance of talent in its stock company, and is thus enabled to enact comedies on the off nights with the greatest effect.

Mr. Vandenhoff's Hamlet, on the occasion of his benefit, received the universal approval of one of the best houses of the season; this, together with his merits in the range of Roman characters, will give him an enviable reputation on this side the water.

John R. Scott is playing an engagement at the *Bowery*, where Capt. Marryatt's new nautical drama, written expressly for him, has just been produced. It is called "*The Ocean's Wolf*, or the Channel Outlaw; despite a miserable cast, the piece went off very cleverly.

The *Olympic* and *Franklin* are doing rather a so-soish business. Something in the shape of novelty must be produced or salt-pere wont save them.

Willis' New Tragedy.—The Boston Transcript says:—

"There appears to be but little difference of opinion among the critics as to the merit of Willis' new tragedy. It is admired on all hands, and lauded almost without qualification. The Advocate says, "Willis has won a fresh laurel," and the Post pronounces it "the best American tragedy that has been written." It is to be repeated to-night, for the author's benefit."

Boston, October 4, 1837.

Mr. Editor—There was no slight error in the statements of a letter, copied into the last "Spirit of the Times" from the Philadelphia Courier and Inquirer. In a discursive notice of *Boston Theatricals*, the epistolary critic states, that Miss Clifton, during her last engagement in this city, produced a new play by Sargent, entitled the "Bride of Genoa," in which she played the "*heroine*."—For heroine, read *hero*, and you have the correct statement. The writer afterwards says, in allusion to the play: "the author, and his friends, and, I believe, the public, finally became ashamed of it, and it was finally withdrawn." You may judge of the authenticity of this statement, when I tell you that the play-bills this morning announce, in flaming capitals, that *the Bride of Genoa will be played this evening!* If the public are ashamed of it, I think the manager is much to blame in his course. I hope to have the opportunity of judging of its merits myself to-night. The play has been considerably altered, and rebaptized "*The Genoese*." I learn, from good authority, that a New-York audience will soon have an opportunity of becoming "*ashamed*" of it.

"*Bianca Visconti*" has been played here five nights with complete success.—Barry deserves much credit for the admirable style in which he has produced the piece. Several new and expensive scenes were painted by Stockwell for the occasion; and the actors all took extraordinary pains to do justice to the play. Not one of them was in the slightest degree imperfect or unequal to his part. The fine points of the play were warmly applauded, and not the slightest symptom of disapprobation was manifested throughout. Its success may be regarded as triumphant. Of Miss Clifton's personation of the heroine, it is unnecessary to add a word of praise to the eulogiums which have already been heaped upon it. She is indeed a perfect woman, "nobly planned"—and a splendid actress.

Barry is doing a good business here at the Tremont the present season. He is decidedly the best manager Boston has ever known, and if she loses him she will miss him most "consumedly," as *Pasquali* says. He has a fine stock company and an excellent orchestra. Rice follows Miss Clifton next week.—Then comes Vandenhoff or Forrest—I know not which—and then we are to have Miss Tree again. By the time her engagement is over, we shall be sighing for the opera, and we do not doubt that Barry will take care that we do not sigh in vain.

I have penned this in some haste with a view to correct a material error, calculated to affect the interest of the fair owner of the play; and who has shown herself disposed to pay liberally for the productions of native talent. Trusting to your well-known candor for the correction of the mis-statement in the Philadelphia paper, I bid you farewell.

A SCENE AT A THEATRE—INDIAN GALLANTRY.

Washington, Sept. 30, 1837.

I have just returned from the Theatre, and before I "turn in" I will give you a sketch of one of the most interesting scenes I ever witnessed. Understanding that the various tribes of Indians now here were to be present there this evening, I wended thither with a double curiosity, to see the fascinating Miss Nelson and the effect of her playing upon the minds of the Savages. In one of the stage boxes were seated a party of Iowas, who are small featured and more richly dressed than the others, but less gaudy than the Sioux. In the adjoining box were the Foxes, who appeared to me more Indian-like than any other tribes I ever saw. They wear red blankets, save one fellow who had a black one; probably he is the chaplain to the embassy. They wear no shirts, and their blankets being thrown open show their noble forms in naked majesty. They wear no trinkets like the other tribes about their heads, which they shave closely leaving only the scalp, from which a mass of bristles runs back to their necks, like the crest of a horseman's helmet. This with the savage simplicity of the other part of their bodies gives them a peculiarly antique appearance far more imposing than that of their be-plumed and be-daubed rivals. After a while in marched the Sioux decked out in new blankets, and some of their chiefs rigged in blue regimentals with silver epaulets and hats with tin bands around them. They appeared delighted with their military toggery, which I think is in abominable taste.

When the buxom form of Miss Nelson arrayed as a knight in the piece of "The Deep, Deep Sea," sprang on the stage, the Indians seemed absolutely amazed with the vision before them, when one of the Iowas suddenly rose, and with an energetic exclamation, threw a dress of feathers upon the stage. At first the performer (Mrs. Slater) near him was frightened, until the interpreter rose and translated the Indian's exclamation, which was that he gave her that as a token of his delight in seeing her! Miss Nelson bowed and took the present, which was accompanied with an applause which was almost deafening.—The play went on; Knight's long serpentine train could not keep the Indians from gloating on the radiant creature before them. A beautiful song from Miss Nelson brought another present from another Iowa upon the stage, which she acknowledged with a bewitching smile. In the mean time, the Sioux men looking with undisguised contempt upon their gallant rivals. In the succeeding scene Miss Nelson had on the feathery presents as wings. This tasteful design overcame completely the susceptible Iowas. One of them sprang forward, and stripping off his splendid buffalo robe, tossed it at her feet with an impassioned burst of feeling. When the uproar caused by this was over, in which the Foxes yelled most hideously, the interpreter translated the sentiment in the following words "I give this to the beauty of Washington to show my pleasure!" I really thought these generous fellows would eventually strip themselves to show their gallantry!

Miss Nelson at this fresh proof of devotedness, in a graceful manner begged the interpreter to state that she regretted her inability to speak their native tongue, but that she esteemed them as much as she did the sons of the King of her native land! She then took from her helmet and gave to each of her admirers a white ostrich plume which soon decked their swarthy brows! The Indians retired to the front boxes, where they remained laughing with all their mights, till Miss Nelson again charmed them in the "Mountain Sylph." When she descended first from the clouds another robe was thrown her by an Iowa, be it remembered. At the conclusion, when she regains her immortality and ascends to her native skies, she placed on her head the votive Indian crown of feathers, which gracefully spreading out as she arose, gave a peculiarly wild charm to her vanishing figure. If you could have heard the din and yells as she displayed this addition to her dress when she rose! Sioux, Foxes, palefaces, and all, arose, and gave one loud and commingled shout, while above all, rose the wild shrill cry of the savages. No one will ever forget who saw it.

LETTER FROM PETE WHETSTONE.

Devil's Fork of Little Red River, (Arks.) Sept. 10, 1837.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Well, I suppose you think Pete's forgot you. It ain't so. The fact is, I have been monstrous busy;—I have had a *heap of fodder* to pull, and then I had to go to Batesville to enter a 40 *acre tract*. I tell you I'm mighty proud to hear "Pete's" put in the "Sporting Magazine" *over the Big Waters*. When I read Jim Cole what you say about "Pete," I tell you he danced like a pea on a hot griddle. I had 'bundance of fun over at Batesville. Your friend "N." carried me down to Capt. Tunstall's to see all his race horses.—I tell you I saw some crowders.

First and foremost I saw *Charline*, the mare that is to run against *Old Bill*. She belongs to Capt. Tunstall & C. F. M. Noland, Esq. I tell you she is a nice cretur, about 15½ hands high, of a deep rich bay, with black legs, mane, and tail, with one grey foot, the finest stifle and thigh I ever saw, beautiful thin shoulders, nice bony head, big nostrils, good back and loin. I tell you she is a nag for my money, and if Old Bill beats her Pete Whetstone is a "*ruined woman*." Then I saw *Ella Wickham*, a clean limbed brown, 3 yrs. old, by Volcano, out of a—I don't what. She is a clinker, and the way she runs is a caution. She is old Volcano out and out, and if Charline don't break me I drop my *kit* on. her Then I saw *Margaretta*, a great big sorrel 3 yr. old filly. She is full of wild cats and vinegar, runs like a little steamboat burning pine knots; she is by old Bertrand. These were all the nags in training. I saw old *Volcano*; the way he used to run was about right, and the way his colts, out of all sorts of mares, run is pleasing to those that breed from him. I think if he had a fair *shake* with Eclipse, Priam, and the other big cattle, they couldn't make their bread come off of him.

Then I saw some great mares and colts; a Stockholder mare, belonging to Col. Rector and Capt. Tunstall. She is a large, well-formed brown mare She has a great two year old called *Bob Crittenden*, by Volcano, and a sucking colt by Tom Fletcher, called *Ben Desha*. *Southern Belle*, by Mercury, and full sister to *Coahoma*, has a fine sucking colt by Tom Fletcher; it is small, but made like a deer. *Rebecca*, by Palafox, has a 2 yr. old colt and a yearling filly, both by Volcano. The colt is called *Lycurgus*. Then there is a nice 2 yr. old out of Zephyr (full sister to Southern Belle), called *Little Red*; he is by Volcano. A large, fine looking mare by Randolph's Rob Roy, called *Emeline*; she belongs to Capt. Tunstall & C. F. M. Noland. These were all I saw. I must tell you something about Cullen Manly, that trains for Capt. Tunstall. He is a free *yaller* man, but honest and honorable as any *pale face*. He is a great trainer, and then he is so polite and attentive when you go to see his horses. He is mighty careful and industrious, and his employer has unbounded confidence in him.

Upon the whole, I was mightily taken with my visit. On our return to Batesville, we went by the *Springs*, a brisk place, I tell you. Why, the doggery where Jim Cole and Dan Looney raised the fuss about the *Warping Bars* and the *Bussing Coon* ain't a priming to it.

We lit and took a *horn*. I never see such a *cardy* place before—old *sledge*, *poker*, and *three up*, all going on. As I stept up, says one fellow, "I'm a mighty man to bet."—"Yes," says another, "I'm a mighty man to anty."—"Fifty cents," says one.—"Two and a half better," said a quiet, steady looking fellow.—"Out and gone, like Grouger's eye," said the first fellow.—"Six bits blind," said a sorter cross-eyed looking fellow; "go in if you dare," and then he commenced singing—

As I walked out by the light of the moon,
So merrily singing this old tune,
I come across a big raccoon,
A sittin' on a rail.
A sittin' on a rail, sleeping very sound.

"D—n your raccoon—I'm in for your blind mighty man to see blinds."—"I make it good," said the cross-eyed fellow, "on *two small pair*."—*Three little ones*," said the other fellow.—"Good as hell," said the cross-eye. I went over to the "*Seven up*" fellows. "That sets me four times," said a fellow with a head like a *hurrah's nest*. "Not quite so fast," said his opponent, who was a double-fisted fellow, with shoulders like an ox, though the way the *figure of fun* was cut over his eyes showed he had been in a *hornet's nest*. "I'm a mighty man to count," said the first fellow.

At this I left them, and joined friend "N." Says he, "Pete, there is a *frolic* here to night, and they say we must stay."—"Good," says I.—"Well," says he, "we must go and put our nags up and give them their oats." "Now," says he, "Pete, we will step over to the quilting, and I'll show you some great gals." Over we went. Says he, "Ladies, I'll make you acquainted with my friend Mr. Pete Whetstone, of the Devil's Fork." Says I, "Ladies, I hope you are all well;" and with that I sidled off to one corner where a mighty *putty* gal was setting. The way I talked to her was about right. After a little, says I, "Miss, did you ever see Sally Jones?"—"No, Sir," says she.—"Well," says I, "she is prehaps the puttiest gal on all the Forks of Little Red; and what's more," says I, "she is the pictur' of you!" I tell you, this made her blush. So after a while they asked us out to dinner; we had all sorts of good things. Soon as dinner was over, they rolled up the quilt, and called on the *fiddler*. I led out the putty gal. "What shall I play?" asked the fiddler. One wanted "*All night there*," another "*She wouldn't and she couldn't, and she wouldn't come at all*." Says the fiddler, "I can't please you all, so here goes '*My Roaring River*.'"

Well, we kept the floor hot till about ten. "N." then proposed a play; so at it we went. May be you never saw one of these plays, so I'll just try and tell how we fix things. First and foremost they set a chair in the middle of the floor, then they set a gentleman in it, a couple walk round the chair, singing as follows:—

A little boy *sot* down to sleep,
Sot down to sleep,
Sot down to sleep,
A little boy sat down to sleep, so early in the morning.
He wants a little gal to keep him awake,
To keep him awake,
To keep him awake,
He wants a little gal to keep him awake, so early in the morning.
Sugar is sweet, and so is she,
And so is she,
And so is she,
Sugar is sweet, and so is she, so early in the morning.
What do you say her name shall be?
Her name shall be,
Her name shall be,
What do you say her name shall be, so early in the morning.
Miss ——— her name shall be,
Her name shall be,
Her name shall be,
Miss ——— her name shall be, so early in the morning.

Then the gal he chooses takes his place, and he joins the singers. They repeat as above, except "that vinegar is sour, and so is he," &c. We work on this way until we get all the young folks into the snap; then comes the cream of the thing. The first person chosen sets down in a chair, then we all join hands around him and sing:—

Come brothers and sisters and join us in marching,
Every one his true love *sarching*,
Fal, lal, de lal, de la.
Call your true love now or never,
Call her by her name and tell her how you love her,
Fal, lal, de lal, de la.
It is oh my honey, and oh how I love you,
None on earth I adore above you,
Fal, lal, de lal, de la.
My heart you have gained and my hand I'll give you,
One sweet kiss and then I'll leave you,
Fal, lal, de lal, de la.

At the second verse you pick out any gal in the ring, and she sits down by you; at the last verse you smack her lips the right way.

Well, we played and danced till just afore day, when "N." and me put out for Batesville. I believe I sorter fell half in love with that putty gal; her breath is just like new honey-comb, and the way she is smart is about right. I kinder hinted to her that she had made a hole in my heart. "May be, Mr. Whetstone," says she, "you have got a *tarrapin egg heart*." This sorter bluffed me. Says I, "Miss, Pete has a *rale watch crystal heart*, when you once knock a hole in it, the *dog's dead*."

I was tickled during the night at a little thing that happened. We were redeeming pawns—selling them over "N.'s" head. Says the auctioneer, "Say, what shall be done with the owner of this?"—"Why," says "N.," "he shall get down on his knees to the gal next to him and say—

I'm down on my knees,
I'm up with my paws,
I'll thank you, kind Miss,
For a smack at your jaws.

Well, it so happened that the pawn belonged to Christopher Ivings, and he was sitting next a gal that he was going to marry in two or three days. All eyes were turned on Christopher, and he swore "he would die fast." So they had to let him off.

Well, I am now at home. What do you think of lawyer McCampbell's turning Whig? I tell you he is warm in our cause. I believe he will stick to the track, and I told him I would give way to him next time. It made nim as proud as a dog with a bunch of red roses tied to his tail. My paper has gin out.

Ever yours, Pete Whetstone.

Information Wanted.—The New York Sun says,—"We wish some one who is in the secret would inform us how a certain notorious quack and swindler escaped from the Penitentiary, after a ten days' residence there, when he was sent up for six months?"

Perhaps our friend of the Sun thinks that the information how such escapes are effected may be useful to him one of these days. Boston Post.

There are more *infants* than *pocketbooks* found in the streets in New York about these days, we perceive by the papers. Ib.

Liberty a Plant.—During the progress of a political meeting held in the town of Cambridge, it so happened that the late Dr Mansel, then public orator of the University of Cambridge, but afterwards master of Trinity College, and Bishop of Bristol, came to the place of meeting just as Musgrave, the well-known political tailor of his day, was in the midst of a most pathetic oration, and emphatically repeating, "Liberty, liberty, gentlemen——," he paused—"Liberty is a plant——" "So is a cabbage! exclaimed the caustic Mansel, before Musgrave had time to complete his sentence, with so happy an allusion to the trade of the tailor, that he was silenced amidst roars of laughter.

Truth and Honour.—"The heaviest fetter that ever weighed down the limbs of a captive is as the web of a gossamer, compared with the pledge of a man of honour. The wall of stone and the bar of iron may be broken, but the plighted word never."

THE ANATOMY OF GAMING.

By Nimrod.

In acknowledging the source from whence the accompanying article was taken (*Fraser's Magazine*), we cannot withold the unqualified expression of our admiration at the uncompromising boldness of the popular author of it, and we are indeed mistaken if the great moral lesson which it is so admirably calculated to inculcate will be lost on any of our readers, who may have a *penchant* for an amusement but too frequently fraught with the most deadly consequences, which we have seen thus lucidly described—

"Oh! what can equal gaming's wild career,
Which in one vortex buries fame and friends,
Wife, children, relatives, and all that's dear,
And then, alas! with self-destruction ends!"

Such was the picture drawn by one who wrote upon the subject years ago, and such is the illustration as *anatomised* by Nimrod in the present day. That gaming is, and must ever be considered the most dangerous rock on which a man of fortune can possibly split, there can be no doubt, for when the practice is once indulged in, there is but little chance of reclaiming the infatuated victim, who becomes so enamoured by play, as to allow it to take possession of principle and reason.

The previous character of the *man* no longer sustains the gamester, who, as as he advances in his profession, if such it can be designated, becomes insensible to virtue, being morally dead, he with truth may be considered an outlaw;—his haunts, his habits, and his associates should ever prove a beacon to warn the noviciate from making shipwreck upon a quicksand, "which like the Goodwin, will bury the finest barque which ever sailed upon the ocean's bosom."

The subject, as treated by Nimrod, is a delicate one, but nevertheless reflects the greatest credit upon him, evincing, as it does, a mind sufficiently capacious to grapple with it, and the difficulties which surround it, added to which there is evidence of considerable research and classical attainment in the illustration of it, in which Apperley has been peculiarly happy. Wishing him the success he merits in his literary pursuits, particularly when they are devoted to so noble a purpose as the present, feeling assured they must have a tendency to stem the torrent of evil which results from an indulgence in the deadly passion for the "music" of the dice box, we take leave of the article by recommending it to the attention of our readers, as one well adapted to quench the thirst of so fatal a mania.

"What country, ancient or modern, is, or has been, quite free from the vice of gaming, and all the evils arising from it? Whatever may constitute the alluring charm, it has prevailed, and does prevail, to a certain extent, in all ages, in all countries, amongst all classes, and in every stage of society in the civilised, as well as the uncivilised world. Nations elevated to the most subtile civilisation have not been too high, those sunk in the grossest ignorance have not been too low, to escape its malignant influence. As to the source of the evil, it matters little now. The torrent has been increased by a thousand streams—it inundates the land—is become the subject of universal conversation and complaint; and what was once but a secret and imprudent pastime, in our country, at last, is become a public dishonor and a scandal. But it was always a scandal. If we are to credit Horace, they could cog a die in the Augustan age, if they could not "secure" it as they do in this, where they cog it as well. On the authority of Suetonius, the renowned emperor of that age made several laws against gaming, which he always disregarded himself. Caius Caligula converted his palace into a gambling-house, in which he plundered the young nobility of his days; and the Emperor Claudius wrote a treatise upon gaming, to which he himself devoted nearly his whole time. But his memory paid dearly for this. Seneca, in his sarcastical relation of that emperor's apotheosis, brings him, after many strange adventures, to *hell*, where he is judged to play constantly with a dice-box without a bottom to it, by which his hopes were to be constantly kept alive, and never satisfied; a just resemblance, I must admit, to the character of the devoted gamester, who would not be satisfied with the wealth of Crœsus if he possessed it.

Neither was the popular passion for the dice-box without its open censurers and condemners in those classical, though rather licentious, days. Juvenal, in his fourteenth satire, exhibits even children playing with dice, in imitation of their fathers; and instances the case of the young nobleman, Bullatus—

"Si damnosa senem juvat alea, ludi et hæres
Bullatus, parvoque eadem novet arma frigillo."

Persius, in his third satire, represents them cheating in their play; and there were many other ways than by dice, in which money was then risked on chances, now called "events." For example, Plutarch mentions the Romans fighting quails, as we fight cocks; and describes Antony, before the battle of Actium in one of those forebodings of the mind on some approaching calamity, lamenting, as though his genius cowered before that of his adversary, that the very quails of Augustus were superior to his—which circumstance is alluded to by Shakespeare, in his *Antony and Cleopatra*. Horace also, (Ode 24, l. 3,) laments the preference given by the Roman youth of his day to the law-forbidden dice—forbidden by the Cornelian, Publician, and Titian laws, except during the annual saturnalia—over the manlier exercises of horsemanship and the chase.—Lucian relates that, at Athens, quail-fighting was exhibited at shows. But although the ancient Greeks have the credit of it—probably from the story of their chieftain Palamedes, having been the first to introduce it into the Trojan Camp—I know no instance on record of their having gambled with dice for large sums; and as for their transactions in the hippodrome, we know them to have been conducted with the strictest propriety, and with honor, not money, as the reward.

For the introduction of gaming into England, and the penalties attached to it, I must look some way back. It prevailed at an early period. During the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion, and also that of John, the chances of the dice constituted the chief amusements of the great; and the length to which they were carried may be inferred from the fact, that not even the pomp and chivalry of the martial field could allure them from the fascinating pursuit. I find Matthew Paris, indeed, reproaching the barons associated to resist the tyranny of the last-named monarch with spending their time in luxury, and gambling with dice, when their presence was required in the field; nor could the flames and dissensions of civil war excite in them an ardor equal to that produced by the spirit-stirring, though perilous, dice-box. Neither did the evil stop here. Honor itself was sacrificed at the shrine of the unworthy and demoralizing passion; and this, too, by some amongst that gallant band of cavaliers to whom England is indebted for many of her choicest privileges and liberties. And if still stronger proof were wanting of the prevalence of gaming among the Anglo-Normans of those days, it would be found in the fact of the second of those laws which the "intimately allied" kings of England and France drew up in 1190, for the government of the force fitted out against the Saracens, which related to this vice. Thereby it was enacted, that knights and clerks should be restrained to the loss of twenty shillings in one day; but soldiers or sailors, detected in playing for money at all, should be fined, at will, or ducked. In subsequent reigns, gaming, although universally condemned, was universally pursued; and how the practice of it operated upon the morals of the English people, during the reigns of Elizabeth and her immediate successors, may be inferred from one phrase in Shakspeare, where dicer's oaths are accounted proverbially false.

Again. Gaming in England was carried to a daring excess in the reign of the dissolute Charles II., who may be said to have suffered adversity without having gained wisdom. That he even gambled with his boon companions, may be gathered from a witticism of Rochester. "I will bet my soul to an orange," said the king, "on the game." "*If your majesty will bet odds*, I will take them," rejoined the peer. At the death of Charles, the mania for deep play declined; but, in the classic reign of Anne, it not only recovered its wonted vigor among the higher classes of society, but spread so extensively over others, as to attract the notice of the legislature.

There are several striking allusions to the gaming-table, and its evils, in Vanburg's play of the *Provoked Husband*, which as it was the last he wrote, and his death took place in 1726, must have been introduced upon the stage in the latter end of the reign of George I. Lady Townley here (act i.) speaks of "clattering again to this end of the town, breaking with the morning into an assembly, and crowding to the hazard-table." Again (act ii.), Count Basset says to Manley, "Was you at *White's* this morning?" Manley answers, "Yes; I just called in." The count: "Pray what was done there?" Manley: "Much as usual, sir; the same daily *carcasses* and the same *crows* about them."

Lord Orford, in his *lively* correspondence with Horace Walpole, introduces some *deadly* anecdotes touching the ruling passion for play in these aristocratic days, and the strong hold it had on the mind and actions of the people. December 13, 1754, his lordship thus writes:—

"You will be diverted with a collateral incident. Met Dick Edgecombe, and asked him, with great importance, if he knew whether Mr. Pitt was out? Edgecombe, who thinks nothing important that is not to be decided by *dice*, and who, consequently, never once thought of Pitt's political state, replied, 'Yes.' 'And how do you know?' 'Why, I called at his door just now, and his footman told me so.'"

Again, January 9, 1755, having expressed his surprise at the extraordinary death of * * * * thus proceeds:—

"He himself, with all his judgment in *bets* would have betted any man in England against himself for self-murder. Yet, after having been supposed the sharpest genius of his time, by all that appears, shot himself in the distress of his circumstances. . . . . He lost twelve hundred a year by Lord Albemarle's death, and four by Lord Gage's. The same day he asked immediately for the government of Virginia or the fox-hounds; and pressed for an answer with an eagerness that surprised the Duke of ——, who never had a notion of pinning down the relief of his own or any other man's wants to a day. Yet that seems to have been the case of ****, who determined to *throw the die* of life or death, Tuesday was se'nnight, on the answer he was to receive from court, which did not prove favorable. He consulted indirectly, and at last directly, several people on the easiest method of finishing life; and seems to have thought that he had been too explicit, for he invited company to dinner the day of his death, and ordered a supper at White's, where he supped, too, the night before.—*He played at whist* till it was in the morning: it was New Year's morning.—Lord Bertie drank to him a happy new-year. He clapped his hands strangely to his eyes. In the morning he had a lawyer and three witnesses, and executed his will, which he made them read twice over, paragraph by paragraph; and then, asking the lawyer if that would stand good though a man were to shoot himself, and being assured that it would, he said, 'Pray, stay here while I step into the next room,' and shot himself. He clapped the pistol so close to his head that they heard no report. . . . I own I feel," continued Lord Orford, "for the distress this man must have felt before he decided on so desperate an action. He had the most compendious understanding I ever knew. He had affected a finesse in money matters beyond what he deserved, and aimed at reducing affections to a calculation, like Demoivres. He was asked soon after his daughter's marriage, if she was with child? He replied, 'Upon my word, I don't know; *I have no bet upon it.*'"

The last sentence reminds me of an anecdote of two celebrated men in the play world, of later times than these. The celebrated wit, Mr. Hare, meeting the well-known Major Brereton at Bath, where he always played heavily, asked him, in a familiar manner, how the world went with him? "*Pretty well*," answered Brereton, alluding to his success at the gaming table; "but I have met with a sad misfortune lately: I have lost Mrs. Brereton" "At hazard or quinze?" said Mr. Hare.

February 23, 1755, Lord Orford thus writes:—

"The great event is the catastrophe of Sir *****, *who has flirted away his whole fortune at hazard*. He t'other night exceeded what was lost by the late Duke of Bedford, having, at one period of the night (though he recovered the greater part of it), lost two-and-thirty thousand pounds! The citizens put on their double channelled pumps, and trudged to St. James's Street, in expectation of seeing judgments executed on White's,—angels with flaming swords, and devils flying away with dice boxes, like the prints in Sadeler's Hermits."

I cannot resist giving the history of another most extraordinary suicide, mentioned by Lord Orford, which, although not immediately connected with the subject before me, bears a resemblance to that cool, calculating spirit which peculiarly distinguishes the gamester.

"A man," says his lordship, "went and secured his life, securing the privilege of a free-dying Englishman. He carried the insurers to dine at a tavern, where they met several other persons. After dinner, he said to the life and death brokers, 'Gentlemen, it is fit that you should be acquainted with the company. These honest men are tradesmen, to whom I was in debt, without any means of paying, but by your assistance; and now I am your humble servant.' He pulled out a pistol and shot himself! Did you ever hear," adds Orford, "of such a mixture of honesty and knavery?"

In the reign of George III., and especially between the year 1772 and the beginning of the American war, there were desperate doings in the gambling world; and among the principal performers at the hazard table and at faro were several of the most talented men of those days. On the authority of Lord Lauderdale, the immense sum of five thousand pounds was staked on a single card at faro;* and, on an authority equally creditable, we find the appalling fact, of Mr. Fox having played at hazard for twenty-two consecutive hours, losing at the rate of five hundred pounds in each hour! So infatuated, indeed, was this justly celebrated, though too often ill-judging, man, with the passion for deep play, that he was once heard to declare, the greatest pleasure in life was to play and win, the next, to play and lose. The desperate doings of the Duke of Bedford have already been alluded to; but the Coryphæus of his day, at the gaming-table, of this age at least, was the once noted Major Aubrey, no less distinguished for his love for, than for his skill in, almost every game that was in vogue; and who, in the circle in which he moved, might with much truth have been styled "*Omnium qui sunt, fuerunt, facile princeps*," there being reason to believe his equal has never yet been seen, neither are we likely to see him. Indeed, it is related of him that, on his first hearing the rattling of the dice-box, he exclaimed, as Charles XII. of Sweden did when he first heard the whistling of bullets, "*This henceforward shall be my music.*" Here, however, the simile between the amateur ceases; for the king was killed by his music, and Aubrey lived for many years in great splendor by his. He won and spent three fortunes by gaming, ending his adventurous life, however, in nearly the same condition as when he commenced it, with a small annuity which he had had the prudence to place out of the reach of fortune. But it would appear that Aubrey was born to become the sport of the fickle goddess. On his passage to India, when a very young man, and during which he first became infatuated with the love of play, the ship in which he sailed took fire, when he jumped overboard, and saved his life by floating on a hencoop till picked up by a boat—surrounded by sharks, as he was afterwards in life! We find in his character, however, a strikingly practical illustration of that position of Mr. Fox, which we have already quoted, touching the pleasures of the gaming-table not being confined to the objects of gain. "Will *any* one play at *any thing?*" he has often been heard to exclaim, on the lighting up of the card-rooms at Newmarket; and he once absolutely lost twenty-five thousand pounds at billiards, a game at which he was a mere *mazette*. In fact, in his more advanced years, he declared that the excitement of play was essential to his existence, his favorite toast being, "*Play;* like the air we breathe, if we have it not, we die." Still, no imputation of unfair play was ever attached to the character of this extraordinary man, even in those extraordinary days, which were those of the first Lord Barrymore, Sir John Lade, and others, whose splendid patrimonies were absolutely devoured by the sharks of the times—that of the first-named nobleman, I believe, in a little more than three years.

But in the days to which I have just alluded—towards the close of the last century—there were circumstances and features in the play world which are scarcely, if at all, visible in the present. The vice of gaming, with its followers, found an asylum in the houses of those whom the people were taught to look up to with respect. Not only was it not considered derogatory to the character of some of the first statesmen and most powerful orators of the time to receive from ten to twenty-five guineas per hour, for dealing at a faro table in some great personage's house, but public disclosures showed that the detestable passion for gaming had taken strong hold of the female mind, and that women of the highest in the land lent their names and houses to the common purposes of gambling, associating themselves with persons whom, on any other occasions, they would have spurned as unworthy their notice, even in the streets. Rochefoucalt says, and says truly, that "of all violent passions, love best becomes a woman;" and it may be safely said, that the mien and character of a gamester is that which befits her least. When once a woman becomes infatuated with the pleasures of the gaming-table, the duties of society, the decencies of rank, the cares of domestic life, *and all other cares independent of this excitement*, fatigue and become insipid; and the mind, accustomed to be excited by the lively, but unlawful pleasures of the gaming table, languishes and loses its vigor in its absence. And there are other powerful reasons why women should steer clear of the gaming table. It lays open their defects of temper; and what will have weight with pretty women, if not with the whole sex, by wrinkling the brow, in a run of ill luck, it so distorts their features, as even to change beauty into deformity. I cannot, indeed, conceive in nature any thing more frightful than a beautiful woman made frantic by her losses at play:

"Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrible as in woman;"

and here the perverted softness of her sex may be said to bemonster her features, and render her "supreme in horror."

Then, again, there is a rock in the path of a gambling woman, and in her path only, which she is never sure of not foundering upon. That extraordinary person, the late George Hanger, afterwards Lord Coleraine, who cut a conspicuous figure in the follies if not vices of those days, asserts, in his autobiography, that gaming and liquor debauched more women than all the solicitations of the whole race of men. This point is admirably set forth in a scene in the *Provoked Husband*, between Lord Townley and his wife, wherein he reproaches her with her love of play. "Fortune," says he, "sometimes gives them (*i. e.* men who gamble with women) advantages which might make thinking women tremble." "What do you mean?" asks Lady T.—Townley replies, "Women sometimes lose more than they are able to pay; and if the creditor be a little pressing, the lady may be induced to try, if instead of gold, the gentleman will accept of a trinket." The finish to this scene is full of human nature. The nearly lost woman of fashion complains to her waiting woman of her ill luck—of being "broke," "ruined," "plundered," "stripped even to her last guinea"—when Mrs. *Trusty* (for such his her misnomer), pandering to that passion which she sees is leading her mistress to destruction, endeavors thus to console her: "Your ladyship," she says, "may have a run of better fortune upon some of the grand company that comes *here* to-night."

Yet I need not have gone to fiction for the sad spirit of gaming amongst English women of fashion, during a certain period of the reign of George III.—The annals of our criminal courts inform us that, in 1797, informations at the public office in Marlborough-street, were laid against the Countess of Buckinghamshire, Lady Elizabeth Luttrell, Mrs. Sturt, and Mr. Concannon, for having, on the night of the 30th of January last, played at faro at Lady Buckinghamshire's house in St. James's square; and Mr. Martindale, then residing in Bond-street, was charged with being proprietor of the "table." The defendants appeared by their attorneys and counsel, Messrs. Const, Marriott, and Onslow.—The witnesses called to support the informations, were Joseph Rafford, and George Evett, late footman to Lady Buckinghamshire: whose evidence went to prove that the defendants had gaming parties at their houses by rotation; that when they met at Lady Buckingham's, the witness used to wait upon them in the gambling-rooms; that they played at faro, E O, *rouge et noir*, &c.; that Mr. Martindale acted as master of the tables, generally; and that they began to play about eleven or twelve o'clock at night, and continued to play till three or four o'clock in the morning. The magistrate convicted Martindale in the penalty of 200*l.*, as proprietor of the faro-table, &c.; and the Countess of Buckinghamshire, Lady Elizabeth Luttrell, and Mrs. Sturt, in penalties of 50*l.* each, for playing at the same. Shortly after this, one Mr. Matthias O'Byrne was examined at the same office, upon the same evidence; when his counsel, Mr. Traggart, declining to put any questions to the witnesses, he was convicted in the penalty of 50*l.*, which he immediately paid, and was discharged. To the honor of the female sex, however—at all events, to the credit of the general morals of the present age—a female gamester, in any shape, is become a *rara avis* in our land. It is said that one or two ladies of high rank are given to bet high on race-horses; and one of very high rank is reported even to "make a book" on some of our great turf events. I do not vouch for the truth of this last assertion; but it would matter little if it were true. It would be found, I believe, to be a solitary instance; and the value given to the exception would not be overlooked.

One of the greatest evils of gambling—and the notice of the last-named public conviction brings it to my mind—is the introduction, through its means, of improper persons into society, from which they otherwise would, and ought to, be excluded. This well-known Mr. Matthias O'Byrne, was an Irish adventurer, of neither birth nor education; so deficient in the latter, indeed, as not to be equal to the inditing of a common business letter.* His having volunteered his services, however, to Lord Lyttleton, in a quarrel that nobleman had with the Mr. Fitzgerald of those days, commonly called "the fighting Fitzgerald," which occurred in a crowded assembly in Vauxhall Gardens, gave him a slender introduction to a certain class of persons of *ton*, which his native assurance enabled him to make the most of. And this was all that he wanted; for he was a skilful and successful gambler, which, by enabling him to play the *gros jeu*, in a certain circle to which he had access, did more for him in six months, with the help of his own assurance, than the Lyttletons and all their interest could have done for him, in any other way, in six years. Not only the doors of nobility, but the saloons of royalty were no longer shut against him. He was received at the tables of the great; and the greatest among the great did not scruple to grace his luxuriously supplied board in return. An intimate friend of mine, now alive, indeed, heard him boast of having had, at one time, at his table, two princes of the blood, four dukes, three duchesses, besides ministers from foreign courts, and others of high distinction, and these of both sexes.—But the attraction was neither his society—for there was nothing here to attract, nor his dinners. It was the mania for deep play at that memorable epoch, and this in either sex, that brought the strange and ill-assorted congregation together. Still there was, as may be expected, a shrewdness, as well as readiness of purpose, about this Irish adventurer, which eminently qualified him for the part he performed, and which the following anecdote of him will show he could turn to the best account. Sitting down one night to play in private at piquet, with a certain person whose name there is no occasion to mention, he found himself a winner of a hundred thousand pounds! Being aware of the inability of his antagonist to pay the whole of this sum, and suspecting that, if he could not pay the whole, he might pay none, he designedly suffered him to recover all that he had won from him, except ten thousand pounds, which he received. In consequence of this masterly manœuvre, the witty Mr. Hare gave him the name of "*Xenophon O'Byrne*," from his retreat with the ten thousand. These things were in the mouths of men some thirty or forty years back, and as they never, I believe, appeared in print, are no doubt, all but forgotten; but it may not be amiss to exhibit such disgusting scenes—as the Greeks did their Helots—to the rising generation, and with the same end in view. It was the opinion of *the* Lord Chesterfield, that ten times more people are ruined by the adoption of vice than from natural inclination to it; and gaming may truly be classed under the head of adopted vices, the catalogue of which is, I believe, the longest of the two.

It has been said of the English people, and I fear, with too much truth, that they do not consider themselves completely happy until they have tried all means in their power to render themselves completely miserable. I should rather say, there is a disposition in mankind not to consider their state truly happy, unless it be blended with the chance of being truly miserable, which may be well applied to the daring speculations of the last two or three years, both in England and on the other side of the Atlantic. It is, however, in a vast number, if not the greater proportion, of instances, difficult to account for or define the motive for the unnatural passion for gaming. Is it avarice? In part it may be, but far from generally so, in the upper walks of society—and I speak on the authority of those who could be little accused of that vice. Mr. Fox, for example, considered the charm of deep play to be in the pursuit, and not in the attainment of the object in view; and asserted, that men, in general, are allured to the gaming table, not by love of money, but by the love of excitement. Still, I cannot exactly comprehend the "*pleasure*" resulting from this kind of excitement, and especially so after the definition given of it by one who had so often and so fatally experienced it—I mean the late Colonel Mellish. This gallant Englishman was asked what were his feelings when he entered the field of battle at Viemira, as aid-de-camp to Sir Richard Ferguson? "Precisely the same," he replied, "as those which I used to feel when I had put down a tremendous stake at Macao." Still, if the only motive to gaming were avarice, what could have induced the late Duke of Bedford, and scores of others, equally abounding in wealth with himself, and at a time of life, too, when that passion where it exists at all, seldom takes fast hold, to have risked the ample enjoyment of what they possessed in pursuit of that which they did not want? The absence of the present Duke of Buccleuch from the hazard-table at Crockford's is said to have been sorely lamented, his Grace having exhibited such bad taste as to have had no desire to run the risk of being ruined. But let me suppose the Duke of Buccleuch to have played at Crockford's hazard-table, and to have brought a hundred thousand pound bank note away from it in his pocket. Would a hundred-thousand-pound note, derived from such a source as this have benefitted the Duke of Buccleuch? Certainly not. Were it possible that there should be a taste for an earthly pleasure which the income of this nobleman is not equal to the expense of gratifying, he knows where to put his hand upon twice such a sum, without going to Crockford's to look for it, and where, I have much reason to fear, his Grace would not find his fox so readily as he does in East Gordon whin cover.—Then, on the same authority, those champions of their day, the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel (the former *is* a member of Crockford's, which the latter could *not be persuaded to be*) could not, it appears, be induced to play at hazard, although great efforts were made to get them to do so. Perhaps the Duke thinks he has sufficiently often experienced the excitement attending the life of a soldier to entertain any desire to satisfy himself of its minutest resemblance to that of a gambler, to say nothing of the comparison of the present state of the domains of Strathsfieldsaye and Blenheim. As to Sir Robert Peel, I think I can answer for him. His fortune was made by the persevering industry and ingenuity of his father, and he intends letting it descend to another generation; his character he himself has made, and he also intends that that should go down to posterity equally unimpaired.

It is my opinion, that the passion for play is to be attributed to one or other of these causes: to avarice as promising either a vast accession of wealth to that already in possession, or, a short road to the possession of it, but which, Bacon says, "like most other short roads, is a dirty one;" to a deficiency in what, in physics, is called stimulus, or excitability; or, to that common failing in our nature which will not let us be idle and innocent. In fact, every diversion some people take is at the expense of one virtue or another; and thus they fly to gaming when others pall upon the taste. Still, there is one class of persons whose very temperament inclines them to become gamblers: their natural constitution is sedentary; their temper so phlegmatic and heavy, that they do not relish active pursuits: their very diversions are contemplative, and bent on speculation—all which make it necessary that *excitement* should accompany their amusements, if it do not form the sum of them. And here arises danger. Although the love of excitement is strongly implanted in our nature, and, when under proper restraint, is a most estimable and useful quality, it becomes a frightful tyrant if suffered to get the mastery of the mind, as it too commonly does when greatly stimulated by play; it then becomes a passion which takes possession of the whole mind, and, with eastern jealousy, allows no kindred passion near its throne. So terrible, indeed, is it in its tyranny, that, in many cases, the wretched victim has no refuge from its fury unless it be in a madhouse or the grave.

Neither is the demoniacal passion for gambling without its open defenders. Life, say the advocates of it ("*fere libenter homines id quod volunt credunt*," wrote Cæsar) must be filled up; and the man who is not capable of intellectual pleasures, must content himself with such as his grosser senses can afford him. Other pleasures, the gamester maintains, lose their relish, and become tiresome by repetition; but the love for play is unsatiable; that, in hot climates, it has been found to be essential to those who could afford it, both mind and body requiring to be excited and flattered in the trying circumstances to which they are subject under a vertical sun; that games for trifles are tedious, and have not the desired effect; and, lastly, that the passion is a natural and a lawful one, inasmuch as there is a spirit of contention in all animals, their very play resembling a mock-fight. Then comes the apology for it on the social principle. The pleasure experienced by those who win, it is contended, cannot be imputed to a criminal want of benevolence at the expense of those who lose, because they are supposed to have set out upon an equality of chances in this respect. All that is insisted upon is, that the chances of loss and of gain should always be so far equal, that each party should be apprised of the force employed against him; and if then he may choose to play against odds, no man has a right to demand his motive, although a strictly honorable man might decline to engage him. The authority of Paley is also produced: it is contended that he is no condemner of gaming, in his chapter on Contracts of Hazard, confining himself to the restriction of fair play. He allows no "marking of cards," no telegraphing by signals; such being means which the adversary never suspects being made use of: but all the advantages of a clear head (such as his own was) he considers himself entitled to. In fact, from the *knowing* remarks he makes on betting on horse-

* See Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, vol. vi. p. 141.

* So wretchedly ignorant was this entertainer of princes, dukes, duchesses, and ambassadors, that in a letter he wrote to the still better known Tom Stepney of those days, he spelled the word ambassador "*nambassador*;" and a few sentences afterwards, when giving a detail of an excursion which himself and another of his *genus* made into the north of England, in this sentence: "On Sunday last we went to York, and *to-morrow* we *went* to Scarborough."

racing, it may be supposed the Archdeacon now and then took a ride to Newmarket. Then, of all persons who have seen the sun Doctor Johnson is produced as no condemner of gaming! and, perhaps, in some loose conversation with Boswell and others, he did give it more countenance than might have been looked for from him; although, as Garrick said of him, his chief object at the moment was to produce an argument upon it. The doctor certainly lamented that he himself had not learned to play cards, although I much doubt his success, had there been a Graham's Club in his day. I fear he would have lost something more than his time.

But the bulk of mankind are not given to reflect. It is most important to observe what we of this age feel from the dreadful effects of gambling; and as the experience of the past has shown that it has hitherto bidden defiance to laws, the only chance there remains of deterring people from pursuing it is to exhibit its frightful consequences to them. To view it in its most inoffensive light, it is a sad prostitution of time; and time generally most unprofitably consumed, for it cannot be prosecuted without risk; and who would depend on accident, when certainty is within their reach? But the whole contents of Pandora's box are in its train, and I will endeavor to enumerate them, nearly countless as they may be. First, as to its physical consequences. It is, perhaps, the only amusement that does not promote health; at all events, there are few other entertainments—if this can be called one at all—by which the body and mind do not find some relief, if they do not absolutely promote health. But this may be said to be equally destructive to both. The one suffers by late hours and ill-ventilated rooms—the very grave of health;* the other, by being kept in a continual perplexity, incessantly hurried between hopes and fears, and the alarm attending the chances of play. Then its moral consequences are still more fatal. Not only is it destruction to domestic happiness, one of the choicest gifts of heaven, but no passion leads to such extremities, or involves a man in such a complicated train of crimes and vices, as the baneful rage for gaming. It has been forcibly said, that we might as well expect to see grass growing out of a flint-stone, or honey from the scarabœus, as one spark of virtue in the breast of a thorough gamester; and I am almost ready myself to subscribe to the reality of this sad portrait of human nature. At all events, I am assured of this: Gaming is the nursery of covetousness and dissimulation, inducing to fraud, quarrels, forgery, disgrace, and death; and by what other passion, either natural or acquired, can so much be said in dispraise? There surely must be some enchantment in it to give it such a power over the human mind, which, we are well aware, even in its highest form, has not been able to make a stand against it. In fact, the devoted gamester may apply to the object of his pursuit the words which Cowley applies to his mistress, and with still more truth:

"Thou rob'st my days of business and delights;
Ot sleep thou rob'st my nights;
Ah, lovely thief! what wilt thou do?
What! rob me of heaven, too!
And e'en my prayers dost from me steal,
That I with wild idolatry,
Begin to God and end them still in thee."

There is one point I have not touched on yet. Bacon speaking of a gamester says, "The greater master he is in his art the worse man he is." But it is not necessary for a man to be a proficient at the gaming-table to suffer in his reputation, from this cause. Generally speaking, scarcely anything is more injurious to the character than the established name of a gambler; but the very *suspicion* of a *penchant* for the dice-box, casts a shade over it, which, in thousands of cases, causes it to be nicely scrutinized, if not strongly suspected, previously to much confidence being placed in it. I have, indeed, known more than one instance of the best prospects in life having been blasted by its having been satisfactorily ascertained that the candidate for patronage and fortune had been *once* seen at a public gaming table!† Wills have been altered from the same cause, by which persons, who have been for many years calculating upon wealth, have found themselves deprived of it by their own means. Neither can we wonder at the dread all persons must have of wealth and property, which may have descended to them through several generations, or been procured by the means of their own honest endeavors, becoming the property of a heartless gambler, even in the upper walks of life; or what would be still worse, of those infamous scoundrels denominated hell-keepers.

It is to this wreck of character, this destruction of all claim to sympathy in distress, that the number of suicides, from losses sustained by play, is to be attributed. Three-fourths of the cases of *felo de se* in the French capital are to be traced to this cause: in fact, they are almost every-day scenes. It is not long since a man discharged a pistol into his mouth, at a gaming-table in Paris, *when the play did not even cease whilst the scattered brains of the victim were being cleared away by the servants!* This nuisance, however, is about to be put down by the French authorities; thus showing an example to England, which it will be her own fault if she do not attempt to profit by. The events of the last fifty years in our country afford some lamentable instances of self-destruction from gambling, and excessive betting on horse-racing; and one within the space of only a few weeks.‡ But, perhaps, the private annals of no country can produce a parallel to the following extraordinary case of desperation, caused by gambling in low life; which, extraordinary, as it may appear, I am competent to vouch for the truth of. The Malay, crease in hand, running his muck, does not go much further, although there is something in it characteristic of a certain class of our countrymen. A man, by the name of Shelton, a second-rate public prize fighter, sat down to play at some low game with a companion, who had similar pretensions of respectability with himself; and a run of ill-luck was his fate. He lost his money first, and eventually all his clothes; which were taken from his person as they became forfeited to his merciless opponent. *He then staked his life!* He lost it; and the winner, *assisted by himself*, immediately hanged him on a lamp-post. By the timely aid of a watchman, who discovered him before he was quite dead, he was brought to himself; when the first thing he did was to knock down his preserver, bitterly reproaching him for his officious and cruel interference in not allowing him to cancel the debt of honor and of nature at one and the same time.

I am willing to admit, that there is a wide distinction between noblemen and gentlemen of fortune risking their own money at the gaming-table, and others, who not only frequently risk that which is not their own, but if it were their own, the loss of it might involve them in difficulties from which they could not extricate themselves; and injury to others than themselves, in nine cases out of ten, would be the result. But hence the root of the evil. The poison of this mean and dangerous passion sheds its malignant influence over all descriptions of persons who happen to move within its sphere; and to none is it more destructive than to the tradesman. Generally speaking, from the first day on which he enters a gambling-house may his ruin be dated. He may imagine I am passing a hard sentence upon him, but in by far the greater majority of cases, my judgment will be found to be a true one. I speak from a general knowledge of human nature. When once a train of feeling has been laid in the soul, a slight accession of circumstances are required to stimulate and strengthen it, until it has acquired the mastery over the judgment, and even over the will itself; and this will be his position when once he has resolved on trying his luck at the hazard-table. His object cannot be mistaken. He wants to sow and to reap at nearly one and the same moment—a sort of north-west passage to wealth is in his view; and, for a time, he may have some reason to suppose he is likely to attain his object. But the French have a proverb which just fits his case: "*Qui veut faire fortune en un an, se fait perdre en moin de six mois;*" and such is generally his fate. Still, let us allow him a longer reign than this proverb gives him, and suppose him to be what is called "rather lucky" at his game; nevertheless his doom is equally sealed. He very seldom has the means to back himself to the amount equal to admit of the chance of his making himself independent of the world, whilst his business-like habits and his principles are alike destroyed and corrupted. Having once caught, as he thinks, a prosperous gale, that will enable him to hold on in his course, he distains the more certain labor of the oar, which would in time have brought him to the wished-for port, and perhaps, with little chance of foundering on the voyage. In former days it was from this class of gamblers that the roads were supplied with highwaymen—(*the road* has done me justice, Gay makes his hero exclaim, but *the gaming-table* has been my ruin)—who sooner or later ended their lives on the gallows. Nor can I wonder at this. As Burke said of the prowling robber, "the shifting tides of fear and hope render all course of slow, steady, progressive, unwearied occupation, and the prospect only of a limited mediocrity at the end of long labor, to the last degree tame, languid, and insipid;" and such is precisely the gambling tradesman's case.‖

Then, again, there is another class of his Majesty's subjects, who, together with their masters or employers, are terrible sufferers by the public gaming-tables in London; I mean servants to gentlemen, and clerks and shopmen to merchants, lawyers, shopkeepers, and others. In the first volume of *The Great Metropolis*, p.209, I find the following startling assertion:—"The author of *Old Bailey Experience* is of opinion that the average amount of money lost every year in the gaming-houses by the servants of the nobility and gentry, alone, is £1,500,000. I look on this as an exaggeration; but I should think £100,000 is about the mark." Again, p. 208: "Gambling has infinitely more to do with city bankruptcies, embezzlements, frauds, forgeries, &c., than persons unacquainted with the 'hells' can have an idea of." Of this I have not a shadow of doubt; and naturally ask, How long is the remedy to be delayed, since the evil is so openly displayed?

Were it not from a regard to the feelings of those with whom they are connected, what a list could I produce, and from the higher walks of life, of victims to the dice-box, the card-table, and the race-course! I could instance the fate of a nobleman, at the head of a highly popular Whig family of the old school, who commenced life with a clear inheritance of nearly thirty-thousand acres of the finest land in Great Britain, with a princely residence, and suitable establishment; and who lately ended it in something like a two-roomed lodging in London, with the mortifying addition of his name having been latterly very often before the public in connexion with paltry money-borrowing transactions, with others brought into the same plight as himself, and by the same destructive means. The mention of this is the more painful, from the recollection of the character of this nobleman, which was, in other respects, without a stain; and who, with different inclinations, or having had more command over himself, might have not only been highly serviceable to society, but become one of the resources of his country. Where is the man who could have breathed a whisper against the memory of a certain late illustrious personage, had there been no such thing as gaming and gamesters in the land? What but the fascination of the dice-box has brought one of our oldest baronets to gain his living on a coach-box? Where is the man who still holds in respect the remembrance of a good name, attached to high birth, and great accomplishments, who does not tremble for the fate of the present inheritor of that honorable name, and the vast property which belonged to it? What must any considerate man think of the admission of Mr. Payne, in his evidence on a late trial, that he had lost nearly all his patrimony by gambling; and notwithstanding this admission, Mr. Payne still pursues the road which has hitherto led him to destruction? Why, he would naturally draw from it one or other of these inferences,—either that Mr. Payne, impenetrable to example, is bent on being stripped of the *last* acre of his once splendid patrimony, or, in ignorance of his character, that he will attempt to recover some part of his losses by the same means as those by which a great portion of them have been sustained,—for it is a well known fact, that he was for many years a victim. It would be well if Mr. Payne would permit me—there may be others who can do it more eloquently: there is none who can do it more feelingly—to impress upon him one sad truth, before he experiences it himself in all its native force; there is but one affliction in the path of man's life for which a balm is not to be found, and that is, *the total wreck of property, and all the honors accompanying it.* Time, which is the soother of other misfortunes, does but sharpen this; and, as years pass over us, we more sensibly feel, and more deeply lament, what we have irretrievably lost. Yet it is not the weak and the thoughtless only who fall victims to the baneful consequences of the gaming-table. The firmest, the most correct minds, have been overthrown, and wrecked, by the frequent and severe losses to which they have been exposed, when under the influence of this fatal spell; and we could mention princes, peers, statesmen, and orators of capacious minds and highly cultivated understandings, who have been reduced to debt, dependence, and obligation, by indulgence in this vice. On the other hand, I have been unable to learn the names of more than half a dozen persons in the upper walks of life, who have won money at play, *and kept it.* He seldom lives frugally, says Johnson, who lives by chance; and the proverb of "light come light go," is generally verified in the gamester. I have somewhere read of one nobleman having, from first to last, won £1,500,000; and, soon after, of his having lost every farthing of it.

There are, and have been, persons, however, who play, and deeply too, who *never could* win upon the long run. For example, I have heard that a certain baronet, of very large possessions, was for many years considered an annual bonus to his club, and to the rooms at Newmarket, of good ten thousand pounds; and this, chiefly at the all-scientific game of whist:—thus showing that in him a love of excitement, and not avarice, was the incentive to gaming; and that the mere act of playing the game, without betting on it, was only the flower without its fragrance. But this worthy baronet—for I know him well—is not calculated by his nature for deep play. In the first place, in the language of the play-world, he is not sufficiently on his guard, as well as too often overmatched in skill; and in the next he now and then became opposed to persons who would not let him win, even with the game in his hand. I have had, indeed, related to me, anecdotes touching each of these points; one of them by an eye-witness of the fact. He (the baronet) was playing whist in the rooms at Newmarket, with an equally contented pigeon for his partner against two other members of the said "rooms," one of whom was dismissed Newmarket afterwards, for practices anything but honorable.

"How are you getting on, —— ?" said a friend of the baronet to him.

"Very well," he replied; "game and game: and we are eight to five in this."

"Ay," said the sharp one sorting his cards at the moment, "and we shall be as many "eights' as you are very soon; when on his winning the ninth trick, he threw down the remaining cards of his hand, with these words in his mouth: "three by cards and two by honors are five; *five and five are ten.*"

But where were the "two by honors?" Why it was ascertained by the bystanders, *after the stakes were paid*, that the claiming party had only one honor each in their hands!

Again, the same baronet, whose chance to increase his fortune by gambling, in such a company as this, must have been about equal to the honest simplicity of a Juba, when pitted against the treachery and perfidiousness of a Syphax, was engaged with another party at whist, although of a very different description to the other; when, at the conclusion of the hand, the ace of trumps was missing. After a pause and a search, the late Lord —— exclaimed, "*I* can tell you where the ace of trumps is; it is in ——'s breeches' pocket!" and there it surely was. I can vouch for this fact, for I was myself at Newmarket at the time. The fact was, the baronet had had occasion to put his hand into his pocket during the play, and so little was his attention at the moment fixed on either the game or his gains, that he left the best card in the pack in durance vile.

Yet, were the evils of deep play to end here—in the folly of a man risking his money with such frightful odds as these against him, or even in the loss of half the fine domains in the kingdom—there would still be some consolation left to those who trace effects to their causes, and are interested in the character of their country. It is, as I have already said, in its being such a prolific source of the most heinous crimes, and in its powerful influence over the *morale* of the people, that the core of the evil lies. The case of the convict Atkinson, lately transported for life for forgery, here stares me in the face, merely as the last upon record. This unfortunate man had once the character of a good soldier and a well-conducted gentleman, but all fell a sacrifice to a passion for play. But a book now before me, *Crockford's; or Life in the West;* give many instances of forgeries resulting from losses at play; amongst them, the extensive one of a person who once held a high station about the court, and whose escape from prison must be well remembered by my readers, as well as by what or whose means that escape was supposed to have been effected. Other cases are detailed in which there was no escape, but from life to death by the means of the common hangman. In fact, no less than twenty consecutive pages to the one which records the above-named catastrophe, are filled with details of suicides, and of persons executed for crimes having their origin in play; as well as of those who survived to linger out their days in extreme poverty and wretchedness. Surely, here is matter for serious reflection in a quarter in which it ought to be awakened! The foulest, the most premeditated, the most horrible cold-blooded murder, that has, perhaps, ever disgraced England—in modern times, at least—had its origin in gambling; we allude to that committed by Thurtell and his accomplices a few years back. The victim (Weare) was seduced to "the cottage," by being told there would be a pigeon to be pounced upon at play; and it was, therefore, that at their suggestion he went prepared with the booty sought for by his murderers, which, it was pretended, was only to be displayed as a decoy.

It is asserted, and I believe with truth, that not more than one man in five thousand is fit to be a professed gambler; because not more than one man in that number possesses the necessary qualifications, many of which are worthy a better course of life. The professed gambler should have a sharp eye, not only to enable him to avail himself of any incidental advantages that may accrue to himself, but to perceive instantly the mistakes of others, and turn them to his own account. He should be a man of strong nerve, and more than ordinary presence of mind, to enable him to recover any *faux pas* made on his side before his adversary detects it. He should have the fine hand of a surgeon, fit to perform any operation; a countenance ingrained, to prevent blushing—at all events, as has been said of Prince Talleyrand's, there should be nothing of the barometer* in it—and courage to put down detection on the spot. As there can be no deep thinking but when the mind is quiet and calm, and undisturbed by natural passions, the gamester by profession must have full command over all his sensual appetites, observing the strictest temperance in his diet, in order to make the most of his understanding. In fact, his profession, if such I may term it, requires as much coolness as the most austere school of philosophy; and although he should be a calculator by his very nature, he resembles the philosopher rather than the mathematician, his business being not bare theory, but how to suit his practice with speculation. Then, although he may really consider reputation but a phantom, by which weak minds only can be influenced, still, as fortune aids the machinations of those who are prompt to avail themselves of all chances that offer, and of all means at their command, the demeanor of the gamester is generally correct, and he mingles an affectation of the best social qualities with deep calculation and secret fraud. Against a combination of these qualities, with experience in the working of them, what character on earth is much more dangerous than his? and what well-eaten and well-drunken country gentleman would have a chance to compete with him in the long-run? To sum up all, he is a pest in society; and like Satan, the proud destroyer of the repose of mortals, he often converts into a hell what before was a paradise, by inveigling others into a snare, out of which they have no chance to escape.

Adapting my language to my subject—a loathsome one, I admit—I must notice the fact, that two of the principal streets in our boasted metropolis (Regent Street and St. James's) absolutely glow with those palaces of plunder and vice called "hells;" and so called, as the author of *Crockford's; or, Life in the West*, observes, "from the torments and misery with which all players are, more or less, afflicted by them, and from the heartless 'devils' who keep them." And what a description does he give of them in vol. ii. p. 83!

"The proprietors of these houses of robbery," he says, "are composed for the most part of a heterogeneous mass of worn-out gamblers, black-legs, pimps, horse-dealers, jockies, valets, pettifogging lawyers, low tradesmen, and have-been-dealers at their own or at other tables. They dress in the first style of fashion (?), keep country houses, women, carriages, horses, and fare sumptuously; bedizen themselves out with valuable gold watches, chains, seals, diamond and other rings, costly snuff-boxes, &c.; property, with but little exception, originally belonging to unfortunates who had been fleeced out of every thing, and who, in a moment of distress, parted with them for a mere trifle."

Then the houses themselves:

"They generally are fitted up," says this writer, "in a very splendid style, and their expenses are very great. Those of Fishmongers' Hall (Crockford's) are not less than *one thousands pounds a-week.* The next in eminence, one hundred and fifty pounds a-week," &c. &c.

I have reason to believe I might now double these aggregate charges, whilst I state the appalling fact, that so far from these sinks of infamy being, as heretofore, in what may be termed the byways of the town, and known only to such as have unhappily made it their business to seek them, are now displayed by the blaze of gas-lamps; and *lookers-out for victims are absolutely stationed in their neighborhood, presenting passers-by with cards of the establishment to which they belong.* Then, again, for other authority on these scenes of iniquity, I turn to vol. i. p. 194, of the *Great Metropolis*:

"The minor gaming-houses in the metropolis are numerous; many of them are unknown to the public. The most notorious ones are about fifteen or sixteen in number! There are no fewer than five in the Regent Quadrant (!); but a majority of them are, perhaps, in the neighborhood of Leicester Square."

Frazer's (London) Magazine.

THEATRICAL CONTRACT.

MONIER *vs.* DINNEFORD.—Thursday, Sept. 28, 1837.—This was an action of covenant, brought upon an agreement between William Dinneford, manager of the Bowery and Franklin theatres, and Mrs. Monier, for the services of her daughter, herself, and her small child, as performers in the above theatres. This agreement, which was made on the 2d of January 1836, to exist until the 4th July following, prescribed that the plaintiff and her daughters were to perform at either of the above theatres at such times and enact such parts as they should be directed by the manager or his agent, specifying particularly that Miss Virginia Monier was to play the parts of "walking ladies," so called, and make herself "generally useful," attending punctually at rehearsals, and otherwise conform to the rules and regulations put up in the green-room; for which services the three together were to receive the sum of $30 a week, and Miss Monier be entitled to a third share of the receipts of some one night to be set apart for her benefit.

It appeared by the testimony adduced that Miss M. had made objections to perform the part of Rosalie, in the play of Faustus, alledging that it was a part altogether unsuitable to her capacity, and consequently absented herself from the first rehearsal, for which she was fined one dollar in conformity with the rules. She, upon a second rehearsal, had an altercation with one Robert Dinneford, who acted as a sort of sub-manager in the concern, respecting the part, and again expressed her reluctance to perform it. Another witness testified that she positively refused to play, whereupon the management were compelled to engage another lady in her stead, who played the character, and Miss Monier forfeited a week's salary ($15) for her refractory conduct. It further appeared that the Moniers were retained in the concern, and played occasionally until the 22d April following, when the plaintiff was officially notified by the manager that he did not wish them to continue in the establishment any longer, giving as a reason for discharging them the refusal of Miss Monier to play the part assigned to her, as mentioned above. Mrs. Monier demanded her benefit as stipulated in the agreement, which was denied her, and this action was brought for the recovery of wages due up to dismissal of the plaintiff and her daughters from the theatre, being $185 42, and also such a sum as the jury might think her entitled to for her share of a benefit.

The court charged that the questions for the jury to decide were, whether the forfeitures were the entire penalties that could be enforced; whether the plaintiff and daughters had performed the stipulations in the contract up to the 22d April, the time of their discharge. The party must perform her covenant before she could recover her debt. If the jury believed that she had refused to perform the part assigned to her, and the manager was compelled to engage another person to take her place, she could not sustain this action. The jury were to determine which party made the breach of contract; if they came to the conclusion that it was the defendant, they were bound to find in favor of the plaintiff for the amount claimed, and such sum as they should think her entitled to for her benefit.

The jury came into court with a sealed verdict for the plaintiff of 280 dollars. Whereupon one of the jurors rose up and said that he had subscribed to that verdict on the preceding evening, but having slept upon it he had altered his mind. The court, after rebuking the juryman for his incontinency, directed the jury to go out again, who after a short consultation, again came in with the same verdict as at first rendered.

J. A. Morrell, Esq., for the defendant, R. L. Morris, Esq., for the plaintiff.

Bianca Visconti, or *The Heart Overtasked*, the new tragedy written by Mr. Willis for Miss Clifton, will be produced for her benefit at the Tremont this evening. Curiosity is a good deal excited, and the piece will probably be played to a large audience, attracted by the celebrity of the author and the fame of the actress. The stock company of the theatre is so very excellent that the piece cannot but be strongly cast in all its characters. We have conversed with several friends of good discretion in theatrical matters who saw the play performed at New York, Baltimore, and Washington, and although it met decided approbation, they say the principal disadvantages that Miss Clifton suffered under was a deficiency of adequate support. This deficiency will not, we are confident, be felt here, and if the play be not successful, we must look to its own merits for the cause. We have a letter from a friend at New York, from which, as apposite, we make the following extract:—

"You will be pleased with Bianca Visconti. It is calculated to display Miss Clifton's power—unappreciated power, I fear—although she certainly possesses great energy of private character and immense undisciplined strength as an actress—to great advantage. You will find it out one of these days, and wonder at your slowness of apprehension. Put Ellen Tree, who is almost perfect, out of the question, and where is there an actress equal to Miss Clifton? I ask you this seriously. She has, it is true, much to learn and much to unlearn; but recollect she is not yet twenty-four, and think how much the twelve years of study and experience, which must pass before she reaches the present age of Miss Tree, may do for her. Willis is at his farm in Oswego harvesting oats and buckwheat, reading the *Georgica* at intervals, I presume, for diversion, or he would have gone to Boston to witness the 'bringing out' there. I know he expects a good deal from Barry's tact and judgment in getting up the piece, which has been much improved by some judicious alterations, made since it was produced here."

Boston Transcript, Sept. 29.

PEDESTRIANISM.—In consequence of some difference of opinion respecting the physical powers of the human frame, and what might be accomplished if a man felt inclined to exert himself as a pedestrian, Edward Bryant, of the Pottery, Parson's-Green, Middlesex, undertook, for a considerable bet, to walk sixty miles in twelve successive hours, and yesterday was appointed for the performance of the feat, on the King's private road, Chelsea, from Mr. Steed's, the Man-in-the-Moon Tavern, to Stanley-bridge, a distance of half a mile. Previous to the event coming off, as it is termed, this match excited an unusual degree of interest throughout the sporting circles in all parts of the metropolis and the suburban districts. The qualities of Bryant operated so strongly upon the feelings of his friends that they felt satisfied he could win, although, at the same time, they were ready to admit that such an herculean attempt, from the heat of the weather, was enough to try the constitution and strength of a giant. Eight o'clock was the hour named for starting, and at that period there was a pretty strong muster of the admirers of pedestrianism, which increased towards the completion of the match. The preliminaries for starting were soon settled between the parties appointed to watch the proceedings of the match. The chronometers of the umpires being set and locked up, Bryant prepared to start, and was dressed in light white trousers, dispensing with the incumbrance of his coat and waistcoat. The first eighteen miles he accomplished in three hours, and at various times of the day he halted for the purpose of taking refreshment. At twenty-five minutes past seven o'clock he came in, having completed this unrivalled performance in eleven hours and twenty-five minutes, having thirty-five minutes to spare, without being in any way distressed; and so fresh was he at the termination of the undertaking, that he could have walked another ten miles without the slightest difficulty.

Bell's Life in London.

How to Secure an Election.—In 1772, Sir Richard Steele, who had formerly represented the town of Boroughbridge, in Yorkshire, was desirous of trying to come in for Wendover, in Buckinghamshire, but his finances not enabling him to bear the expence of opening a variety of public houses, he devised an expedient, which had the desired effect. Instead of treating indiscriminately at every tap-room, as had been the custom, he caused a handsome entertainment to be provided at the principal inn, to which he invited all the married electors and their wives. Having diverted them with his wit, and circulated the glass sufficiently to bring them all into good humor, he took occasion to address them, and concluded an amusing speech by telling the ladies that he was about to make a promise, which, if it was agreeable to them, he hoped for their influence with their husbands in his favor. The women were all impatient to hear what he had to say, when Sir Richard smiling round him, said—"Ladies, Wendover is famed for its excellent wives, and as good wives always make excellent mothers, the offspring from so valuable a stock cannot be too much multiplied, as an encouragement, therefore, I promise each of you fifty guineas that has a child within ten months from this date, and a hundred for every one that has twins." The time of saying this, and the happy manner in which it was said, produced, as may be imagined, shouts of laughter among the men, and infinite good humor among the women. The result was, that female influence was exerted so successfully, that Sir Richard gained his election by a great majority, against a powerful opposition.

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* I am given to understand, that there are very few instances of protracted life among persons who have been much addicted to what is called deep play; the late Duke of Queensbury afforded one.

† Although I never entered a public gaming-house but three times in my life, such was my case. But more of this anon.

‡ The case of Dalrymple, the commercial traveller, who had been duped of his all at one of the common hells.

‖ It is a well-known fact, that subsequently to the Doncaster race meeting, calicoes, and other goods are to be purchased cheaper in Lancashire than at any other period of the year, to make good losses sustained on the racing and gambling of the week.

* "Jamais visage ne fut moins barometre," some one said of Talleyrand.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 7, 1837.

NEW YORK JOCKEY CLUB FIRST FALL MEETING.

UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

The meeting commenced under the most auspicious circumstances, so far as the track and weather were concerned, the day being delightful and the course in fine order for quick time. Unfortunately for the interest of the races, however, several promising horses were amiss, among whom may be named Post Boy, Fanny Wyatt, African, Ajax, Dosoris, Veto, Tarquin, and several others.

The ball was opened with a Sweepstakes of eleven subscribers, at $300 each, $100 forfeit, Two mile heats, for which but two nominations started, namely, Mr. ROBERT L. STEVENS' Polly Hopkins' filly, by Nullifier, and Mr. A. L. BOTTS' Eclipse filly out of Phillis. The latter, called *Margaret Ridgely*, was very much tucked up in the flank, and was evidently stale and off her feet. In a trial ten days since she ran a second mile with her shoes on in 1:51. Mr. Stevens' filly, to which he has given the pretty name of *Antoinette*, was not in high condition, though she was not put up in any part of the race. The pace, both heats, was very bad, Antoinette leading from end to end, and winning easily in 4:01—4:10.

The Purse race, Two mile heats, was quite another affair. It brought to the post Mr. VAN MATER's *Manalopan*, Mr. LAIRD's *Betsey Andrew*, Mr. WILKES' *Gypsey*, Mr. GIBBONS' *Merrygold*, and Capt. STOCKTON's *Bergen*. Bergen and Gypsey against the field, was the current offer, though very little money was laid out about the race. Neither were in good form, and Bergen but recently met with an accident that nearly disabled him. Merrygold was not up to the mark for severe work, being equal only to about 3:50. The other two were brought on the course in superb condition, and nobly they "justified their training." Betsey Andrew is a beautiful light chesnut, (miscalled sorrel), about 15¼ hands, and well proportioned. Her style of going is uncommonly fine. Manalopan is a handsome grey and a fine specimen of old Medley's stock; he is a chick out of the same brood with African and Bonny Black.

Manalopan had the track and Bergen the outside. After a bad start they were called back and sent away with a worse, Bergen and Merrygold standing still when the signal was given, the others being in action and going at three parts speed as the drum was tapped. Betsey and Manalopan came out of the crowd at the gate, and every subsequent stroke during the heat widened the gap. The pace was excellent throughout between Betsey, who cut out the work, and Manalopan, who waited upon her. A very severe brush ensued between them on the last half mile which distanced the field, Betsey winning by a length in 3:44—the best time ever made over this course by a 3 year old, with the exception of *Dr. Syntax*. Betsey had a little "snowball" on her back, by the name of *Charlie*, a promising little jock of Mr. Laird's; this was his first public appearance "across the pig skin," and the sporting style in which he brought the filly through was admirable. Gypsey was shut out by about a length, and might easily have saved her distance; Bergen and Merrygold lost twenty yards in starting. The second heat was contested with the greatest spirit, the two running neck and neck nearly the whole way, and brushing on each corner. A prettier race has not been seen for many a day, the filly finally winning it by a scant length in 3:50. Record:

TUESDAY, Oct. 3, 1837.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs.; 11 subs. at $300 each, $100 ft. Two mile heats.

Robt. L. Stevens' b. f. *Antoinette*, by Nullifier, out of Polly Hopkins by Virginian,	Warren Peabody.	1	1
Alex. L. Botts' s. f. *Margaret Ridgeley*, by Eclipse, out of Phillis, own sister to Gohanna,		2	2

Time, 4:01—4:10.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—Purse $300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—and aged, 126lbs.; 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Samuel Laird's s. f. *Betsey Andrew*, by Andrew, out of Farmer's Damsel [Henry Archy's dam], by Eclipse, 3 yrs,	Charles.	1	1	
Joseph H. Van Mater's gr. c. *Manalopan*, by Medley, dam by John Richards, 4 yrs,		2	2	
Hamilton Wilkes' ro. m. *Gipsey*, own sister to Medoc,				dis
Capt. R. F. Stockton's gr. c. *Bergen*, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace, 4 yrs,				dis
Wm. Gibbons' b. m. *Merrygold*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Meg Dodds, 6 yrs,				dis

Time, 3:44—3:50.

SECOND DAY.

Another beautiful day, clear and cold—the attendance numerous, and the sport fair. The $500 purse brought out Mr. COSTER's *Cadmus*, Mr. PEARSALL's *Reindeer*, Mr. LAIRD's *Jane Maria*, and Mr. STEVENS' *Henry Moore*, an own brother to Tom, Mark, Hamilton, and two other little Moores that are growing up. Henry Moore is the handsomest of the family, if not the hardiest; many would term him a dandy horse, but his game is undoubted, and he has an uncommon turn of speed. Mr. Stevens, after the race, could have sold him for $3000. Jane Maria is a handsome chesnut, and comes of a racing stock on both sides; her form and action are much above mediocrity. The other entries are too well known to require notice.

Jane Maria and Cadmus made the running the first heat at a very indifferent pace, neither Henry Moore nor Reindeer making a stroke for it. Cadmus could not reach the mare, who frequently pulled back to the field, and she won the heat in hand, Cadmus walking in from the distance stand, so that Henry Moore and Reindeer, who kept up their rate, are placed before him.

The second heat was better contested, Henry Moore collaring the mare at the gate, and outfooting her down the backstretch to the hill, where Reindeer caught up the running and came in front. A smart rally ensued between Henry and Reindeer up the quarter stretch. On entering the 2d mile Reindeer stumbled, and a sinew of his near fore leg gave way, and Henry now had the race all his own way, winning by several lengths, Reindeer pulling up lame. We should have stated that Cadmus was drawn after the first heat. The 3d heat was won in 6:16 without a struggle.

The race, Mile heats, made up for the lack of interest in the first, though "the immortal Tom" led from end to end in sporting stye, waited on by Middlesex, winning easily in 1:49¼—1:50¼.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 4.—Purse $500, free for all ages; weights as on Tuesday. Three mile heats.

Robt. L. Stevens' ch. c. *Henry Moore*, by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh by Gabriel Oscar, 4 yrs,	*George Nelson.*	2	1	1
Samuel Laird's ch. m. *Jane Maria*, by Henry, out of Modesty by Imp. Expedition, 5 yrs,		1	3	2
S. Bradhurst's (Mr. Pearsall's) s. h. *Reindeer*, by Henry, out of Sportsmistress by Hickory, 6 yrs,		3	2	dr
H. Wilkes' (G. H. Coster's) s. h. *Cadmus*, by Eclipse, out of Di Vernon by Florizel, 6 yrs,		4		dr

Time, 6:07¼—6:03—6:16.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—Purse $100, free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats.

Robt. L. Stevens' s. h. *Tom Moore*, by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh by Gabriel Oscar, 6 yrs,	*Jack.*	1	1	
Capt. R. F. Stockton's ch. h. *Middlesex*, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey by Alfred, 5 yrs,		2	2	
Joseph H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Niblo*, by Mark Richards, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs,				3 dr
Willett McCoun's s. c. *John R.* by Henry, out of Grasshopper by Henry, 3 yrs,				dis

Time, 1:49¼—1:50¼.

THIRD DAY.

Two only came to the post to-day for the $1000 purse, Four mile heats, though three were entered. The defaulter was *Gypsey*, whose owner was pledged to start her, but her trainer had her plates taken off, and filled her with bran, without consulting Mr. WILKES. He is a knowing one, this imported trainer, we don't think. With one of the best stables on the Island, he has won but a single race in two years. With Gypsey, Cadmus, Tarquin, and an imported Mulatto filly in his stable, Mr. Wilkes had a right to anticipate "making a show for the money" at least, at this meeting. If he continues to "get on" at the rate he has progressed with his new trainer, the odds will soon be that he is distanced in whatever race he starts for. The only competitor left for *Mingo* was Mr. JOHN C. STEVENS' *Bonny Black*, by imported Valentine, and a sporting race she made of it—one that in nine cases out of ten, the Union through, would have carried off the purse. *Fanny Wyatt*, *Dosoris*, and *African*, in the same stable, were amiss, and nothing would do to prevent a walk-over but Bonny Black's entry. No other man at the North *would* have started a nag against Mingo—not that Mr. S. lightly appreciates him, for few do so more highly—but he who assumed at once the match of ECLIPSE *against the world*, for the credit of Long Island, would not suffer Mingo, or any other champion from another State, to carry off the Four mile purse without a struggle, and accordingly Bonny Black was entered against "the foremost *horse* of all this world." Mr. S. had three better horses amiss in his stable, but rather than disappoint the public in a race, he brought on the track his only remaining tried nag to do the best she might. As Dogberry says, "let this be remembered in his punishment."

George Nelson rode the black filly, while Mingo had his old rider, Jack, across his back. With a plain snaffle bridle George could not keep the mare in the track (which she had at starting). She was restive, and ran quite out of the track for two miles or more, bearing entirely on one rein, so that she must have run forty yards more each mile than if she had hugged the pole as Mingo did.—The pace throughout was steady, the mare leading for a mile and a half, when they closed, and Mingo came in front and was never headed, winning like open and shut, in 7:52½. We have no doubt Mingo could have run four miles to-day in 7:40; it was the general remark that he never appeared in such superb order for a bruizing race. Bonny Black has never started before for a race over two miles, and her performance adds more than the amount of the purse to her value. She could have run the heat without distress in 7:50; as it was, she run out as strong and fresh as she did the first mile. The odds being dollars to cents on Mingo, she was withdrawn after the first heat, and he was awarded the purse.

Five came to the post for the race, Mile heats. It was well contested by *Patience* and *Moss Rose*, the former winning in two heats. *Bergen* went up and "tried it on" in the first, and *Mortimer* in the second, but each soon got enough of it.

After this came off a match, Mile heats, between a very promising filly of Mr. JOHN C. STEVENS' and one of Maj. JONES', which the former won with ease. Thus ended the First Fall Meeting on Long Island, and "a lame and impotent conclusion" it was. The attendance was immense the last day, and what the Proprietors lacked in quality they made up in the quantity of the sport offered. When the fact is considered, that nearly half of the best horses on Long Island and New Jersey were amiss, very few will be disposed to grumble at the meagre attraction. "When matters have fairly reached their worst, they must mend;" with this consolatory reflection, let us anticipate the *next* meeting, (commencing on the 31st of this month) with renewed pleasure and a keener zest. Record:—

THURSDAY, Oct. 5.—Jockey Club purse for $1000, free for all ages. Weights as on previous days. Four mile heats.

Saml. Laird's (Gen. Irvine's) b. h. *Mingo*, by Eclipse, out of Bay Bett, by Thornton's Rattler, 6 yrs,	(*Jack*)	1	1
John C. Stevens' bl. f. *Bonny Black*, by Imp. Valentine, out of Helen Mar, by Rattler, 4 yrs,	(*Geo. Nelson*)	2	dr
Hamilton Wilkes' ro. m. *Gypsey*, own sister to Medoc, was entered, but on the morning of the race was			dr

Time, 7:52½.

SAME DAY, *Second Race.*—Purse $100, free for all. Weights as before. Mile heats.

Samuel Laird's gr. f. *Patience*, by Medley, dam by Sir Solomon, 4 yrs. (*Robert Tilton*)	1	1	
Jos. H. Van Mater's gr. m. *Moss Rose*, by Lance, dam by Hickory, aged	2	2	
Capt. R. F. Stockton's gr. c. *Bergen*, (pedigree above,) 4 yrs	3	3	
Robt. L. Stevens' s. c. *Mortimer*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Ogle's Oscar, 4 yrs			4 dis
B. B. Seaman's b. c. *Dusty foot*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Agnes, 4 yrs			dis

Time, 1:50—1:53½.

SAME DAY, *Third Race.*—Match $300 aside, and $100 added by Proprietors. Weights as before. Mile heats.

John C. Stevens' bl. f. *Ethiopia*, by Dashall, out of Lady Morgan's dam, by Imp. Expedition, 3 yrs.	(*George Nelson*)	1	1
Maj. Wm. Jones' b. f. by Andrew, out of Flirt, by Hickory, 3 yrs.		2	2

Time, 1:54½—2:02.

CENTREVILLE (L. I.) TROTTING COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 3, 1837.—Match, $2000 aside, h. ft. Three mile heats, in harness.

S. M. Neill's b. g. *Awful*,	(*George Spicer*)	1	1
Wash. Coster's s. g. *Screwdriver*	(*Joel Conklin*)	2	2

Time, 8:23—8:16½.

No contest; Awful led from end to end, and won handily. Awful, with the exception of *Paul Pry*, is the only thorough-bred trotting horse on the turf. He was got by Mr. Laird's American Boy, out of an Imp. Expedition mare, as we are informed. He was in fine plight, and could have made better time by several seconds each mile. Screwdriver must be nearly or quite fourteen years of age

On *Thursday* came off two Sweepstakes, both Two mile heats, as advertised in this paper last week. The first, in wagons, was won by J. Conklin's b. g. *Emperor*, beating *Ion* and *Blinker*. The second, under the saddle, was won by F. Goodrich's b. g. *Pompeii*, beating *Brutus* and *Betsey*. The particulars in our next.

JEFFERSON (Va.) FALL RACES.

The annual Fall meeting of the Jefferson Jockey Club commenced on their course, near Charlestown, on the 18th ult., and continued five days. The *Free Press* and *Republican* furnish the annexed report:—

MONDAY, Sept 18, 1837.—Sweepstakes for Two yr. olds, catch weights; sub. 50 bushels of corn each, p.p. One mile out.

W. Crow's br. c. *Astrologer*, by Star, dam by Walnut, 84lbs,	1	
G. D. Moore's b. c. *Yahoo*, by Star, dam by St. Tammany, 80lbs,	2	
J. Crane's b. f. *Snatchit*, by John Richards, dam by Instructor,	3	
W. Moore's bl. g. *Black Rock*, by Star, 84lbs,		dis.
T. G. Baylor's b. f. by Zinganee, dam by Stranger, 86lbs,		dis.

Time, 1:59½.

Won by a neck; and a most extraordinary race for 2 yr. olds, considering the weights and training (less than a month off of clover.) The two Stars, out of the half sisters of Enceiro, are probably the finest looking and most promising young things that could be procured in the United States, by persons desirous of going into large stakes next year. The contending colt would cut "two inches on the ribs," and the distinguished Turfmen on the ground pronounced it impossible for him to live over half a mile. In imitation of the late Derby poet, we may well say,

'Tis over, the two year old *Corn*-stake is done,
Hold on Astrologer, the *Nubbins* has won.

TUESDAY, Sept. 19.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs.; sub. $150, ft. $50. Mile heats.

T. R. S. Boyce's b. f. *Desdemona*, by Imp. Apparition, dam by Tuckahoe,	0	1	1
J. B. Kendall's b. f. *Mary Smith*, by Forester, out of Forest Maid,	3	3	2
W. C. House's b. f. *Lady Bumper*, by John Richards, dam by St. Tammany,	0	2	3

Time, 1:56—1:59—2:01.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—Purse $400, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Four mile heats.

J. B. Kendall's b. c. *Master Henry*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs,	2	1	1
T. R. S. Boyce's b. c. *Daniel Star*, by Star, dam by Peacemaker, 4 yrs,	3	3	2
W. Crow's (Mr. House's) b. f. *Mary Hutton*, by Agrippa, dam by Walnut, 4 yrs,	1	2	3

Time, 8:11—8:16—8:26.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 20.—Purse $200, free for all ages, weights as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

J. B. Kendall's gr. f. *Molinera*, by Medley, dam by Jones' Arabian, 4 yrs,	1	1	1
G. C. Harness's b. g. *Bay Malton*, by Rattler, dam by Topgallant, aged,	2	2	2

Time, 1:53½—1:53—1:56.

THURSDAY, Sept. 21.—Purse $200, free for all, weights as before, Two mile heats.

D. Thom's ch. c. *Bloody Nathan*, by Imp. Valentine, dam by Duroc, 4 yrs,	1	1
J. B. Kendall's b. h. *Pythias*, by Gohanna, dam by Bellair, 5 yrs,	2	2
J. Strider's br. h. *Skylark*, by Lafayette, dam by Francisco, aged,		3 dis
J. Swearingen's b. h. *Tranby*, by Byron, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs,		dis

Time, 3:59—3:59½.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—A Sweepstakes, free for all ages, weights as before; sub. 50 bushels of corn each, p.p. Mile heats.

R. W. Baylor's gr. f. *Zitella*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 3 yrs,	1	1	
S. Bryarly's br. c. by Industry, dam by Hyatoga, 4 yrs,			2 dis
Mr. Kennedy's b. c. by Sea Gull, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs,			3 dis
J. Strider's br. c. by Sir Charles, dam by Alfred, 4 yrs,			dis

Time, 1:58—1:53.

FRIDAY, Sept. 22.—Purse $100, free for all ages, weights as before, Mile heats.

S. Strider's ch. m. *Floretta*, by Rattler, dam by Florizel, aged,	1	1	
G. Laudenslager's ch. m. *Maid of the Neck*, by Maryland Eclipse, dam by Wildflower, aged,	2	2	
J. B. Kendall's br. h. *Highlander*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Florizel,	3	3	

Time, 1:54—1:51.

The winner was but 28 days in training, 35 days from grass, and has had two colts since she won our Two mile purse in 1834, then in foal by Rob Roy.

FREDERICK CITY (Md.) RACES,

Commenced on the 12th Sept., 1837, and continued four days. Track 1314 yards round.

TUESDAY, Sept. 12, 1837.—Purse $125, for nags owned in Frederick County; 3 yr. olds, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs.; Two rounds and repeat.

Geo. McLane's ch. m. by Cherokee, dam by Kentucky Whip, 5 yrs,	1	1	
Geo. Schley's b. h. by Star, dam Indian Hue, 5 yrs,	4	2	
Jas. Wallin's c. by Red Rover, out of Stella, 4 yrs,	2	3	
W. H. Stewart's b. h. *Bulletin*, by Byron, out of Iris by Telegraph, 5 yrs,	3	dr	

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 13.—Purse $200, free for all; weights as before; Four rounds and repeat.

Jas. B. Kendall's b. h. *Master Henry*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs,	2	1	1
Levi Hoffman's ch. m. by Maryland Eclipse, dam by Windflower, aged,	1	2	2

Time, 5:58—5:58—6.04.

THURSDAY, Sept. 14.—Purse $250, free for all; weights as before; Three rounds and repeat.

Geo. Laudenslaker's b. g. by Rattler, dam by Walnut,	2	1	1
Jas. B. Kendall's b. h. *Highlander*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Florizel,	1	2	2
W. H. Stewart's b. h. *Cassawago*, by Timoleon, dam by Alfred, 5 yrs,	3	3	3

Time, 4.30—4:30—4:41.

FRIDAY, Sept. 15.—A Sweepstakes, sub. $50; free for all; weights as before.

E. Martin's b. h. *Duke of Oxford*, by John Richards, 5 yrs,	1	2	1
W. Stanbury's b. f., 4 yrs,	2	1	2
Mr. Shelling's ch. h. by Brainworm, dam by Tuckahoe,	4	4	3
Jas. Wallin's ch. m. by Red Rover, dam by Stella, 4 yrs,	3	3	4

BROAD ROCK (Va.) FALL RACES—Tree Hill Course.

This week's racing, to the credit of its highly worthy Proprietor be it spoken, has been the most spirited and interesting one had in this neighborhood for years. The Sweepstakes were many and well contested.

On Tuesday, Sept. 26, a match for $1000 a-side, between Col. WM. L. WHITE's ("the Mayor of the Slashes") filly by Carolinian, dam by Charles, and "Old ISHAM's" (PUCKETT's) Rattler filly, dam by Tariff, came off—Col. "Wm. L." "walking to chalk," and taking "a little paragraphation" at "Old Isham," "plumped the middle-man from taw," and "licked him up like salt." Col. White's filly won hard in hand, and beat the Rattler filly very easily. Two mile heats. Time, 1st heat, 3:58—2d heat time not taken.

The gallant Colonel, who, "taken on the different athletics," is the "best built man of his age in the Slashes," besides being "the bravest man that walks these yards;" who "is 45 years old, has never lost a tooth, and is the father of five likely boys *at home*,"—called freely for the *long-necks*, and the way he drank "that 'ar' liquor," was a profit to the proprietor. He swilled the "cider" like a "sucker," and got pretty reasonably "*swipy*."

The first race was a single dash of a mile between Col. White's Goliah filly, 2 yrs. old, and Mr. Puckett's Luzborough colt (one of Mr. Wickham's rearing, and a promising runner he is), and Col. Heth's Imp. Luzborough filly. Won handily by the Luzborough colt, in consequence of Col. White's rider losing a stirrup. The Colonel, however, *saved* his "*stir-up*" at the table, and "sat to his Cousin Suckey."

SECOND DAY, Sept. 27.—Two Sweepstakes—the first between Wm. McCargo's b. c. by Imp. Fylde, and John M. Botts' b. f. by Gohanna; sub. $200; 4 subs.; Two mile heats. The filly decidedly the favorite at the start, even with "Old Arthur" himself. Won cleverly by the colt. Time not, of course, as good as it would have been, had the colt been put up. The 2d Sweepstakes (sub. $300) was between

Wm. McCargo's b. c. by Imp. Fylde,	1	1
Wm. R. Johnson's b. f. by Nullifier,	4	2
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's b. f. by Imp. Luzborough,	2	3
J. J. Harrison's ch. c. by Sir Charles,	3	4

Time, 3:56—3:59.

The winner "doing the deed" without effort in either heat.

THIRD DAY, Sept. 28—For the Proprietor's Purse of $250, ent. $15; 9 entries. Two mile heats.

Wm. R. Johnson's *Argyle*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Oscar, 6 yrs,	0	2	1	1
Edw. Townes' bl. m. *Black Bird*, by Arab, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs,	0	1	3	2
John Heth's *Ormond*, by Sir Charles, dam by Alfred, 5 yrs,	1	5	5	3
Wm. McCargo's b. c. *Charles Carter*, by Lance, 4 yrs,	2	0	2	r.o
Wm. H. Minge's *Aaron*, by Sir Charles,	4	4	3	r.o
John S. Corbin's (Gen. Harvie's) br. c. by Timoleon, d. by Sir Charles, 5 y.	3	3	4	r.o
John M. Botts' b. f. *Spindle*, by Gohanna, dam by Sir Hal, 3 yrs,	0	dr		
Branch Cheatham's b. m. by Gohanna,	dis			
I. Puckett's ch. f. by Carolinian, 4 yrs,	dis			

Time, 3:55—3:56—4:08—and 4 something.

Argyle was the favorite at the start. Spirited betting on Chas. Carter, vs. Ormond. The first heat was as closely contested between Chas. Carter and Ormond as it well could have been; the latter, after being passed repeatedly between the "head of the stretch" and the J. Stand, by the former, winning by *ten or twelve inches* only—rather a nice thing *that* for arithmetic. The next heat was won, very unexpectedly to the crowd, and knowing ones too, by the Arab mare, Black-bird—Only one person backing her for the heat *before the start*; his backing her stirred up a brisk little betting between her owner and some "hawks" that "placed" her "*behind* the Pole." The odds were now decidedly in her favor against the "start-crack," Argyle; but the old Earl "pulled up" a head of her the succeeding heat, and had the fun all to himself afterwards, though Ormond woke up, after a long nap, at the distance-pole, and made a considerable stir in the sand for a mile and half, when his *tether* ran out, and 'twas "good bye t'ye," Ormond. It is due to Ormond, however, to say, that his illustrious namesake of old, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, never made more vigorous and creditable exertions to recover the lost Peace of that riotous Race, (I beg the pardon of the "Pats." of the present day!) than he did his chance for the Purse.

The Second Race, Two mile heats, was won by I. Puckett's b. c. by Sir Charles.

JOCKEY CLUB DAY, Sept. 29—Purse $500, ent. $20; Three mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. m. *Atalanta*, by Industry,	2	1	1
John Heth's ch. c. *Decatur*, by Sir Charles, dam Ostrich, 4 yrs,	1	2	2
Wm. H. Minge's b. h. *Nick Biddle*, by Timoleon, 5 yrs,	4	3	3
Wm. Williamson's ch. h. *Paul Jones*, 5 yrs,	3	dr	
Mr. Claiborne's b. m. *Nancy Lyle*, by Eclipse, 4 yrs,	0	0	dis
Jas. J. Harrison's b. f. by Muckle John,	0	0	dis

Time, 6:01—5:51—6:11.

A spirited *speculation* was got up after and during the first heat, on Decatur, but like most of the enterprizes of the day, turned out to be rather "*a suck.*"—"Old Billy" and "his get," no doubt made a good business of it by taking the "two to one" given on Decatur. At the start the crowd were backing Atalanta against the field. So the world goes; first one thing and then another. It is due to the "Mayor of the Slashes," to state, that after a *run* of bad luck, he said, in his usually happy and *peculiar* style, "Well, boys, if we can't win our bets we have a right to take a small *paragraph* at a mint-julep; for we ain't had no rain for some time, and I'm a gitting a little *droughthy*." The weather having been as "dry as a chip" for some weeks past in this "settlement," the dust rose in columns dense and dark, and it was therefore difficult for the "Mayor of the Slashes" to keep himself as "transparent" as usual, as he was *compelled* (of course!) to remove its irritating and *desiccative* particles from his "epiglottis," (or "swallow," as he terms it), by occasional applications thereto of the "grass-toddy;" though it is proper herein to inform his friends, that he presented himself *entirely* "majestic" amidst the suffocating dust, and his dark eye gleaming through its dense volumes like the lightning from the thunder-cloud, he arrived at the julep-stand (not "Judges'" stand—though it's pretty much the same thing; for those honorable personages hereabouts are usually *walking emblems* of *that picturesque* compound); the "Mayor," however, arrived at the julep-counter like the "messenger of the Gods, covered with dust," and presented a palate as absorbent as a sponge. I was really *sorry* for the liquor when I saw him *kill* it so:—he didn't *drown* it—oh! no—by no means, for you don't catch *him* at that; but then he "*smithered*" it to death "under his jacket"—Sir! he did! The "Mayor" has a 2 year old filly, raised in the "Huckleberry-Swamps," that will a little *more* than a "huckleberry to somebody's persimmon" before he has done;—you see she has a "tetch" of "them" Eclipses—the "go-ahead" sort.

"BOOTS."

LIBERTY (Va.) FALL RACES.

"*York*," an unknown correspondent, has sent us the annexed report of these races. Is it possible the meeting continued but two days?

TUESDAY, Sept. 12, 1837.—Proprietor's Purse $300, free for all, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

L. Phelps' ch. c. *Boltus*, by Lance, dam by Constitution, 4 yrs,	1	1	
Wm. A. Goode's b. f. *Marthy Archy*, by Rinaldo, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs,	2	2	
Chas. P. Lee's ch. f. by Orphan Boy, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs,	0	3	
A. Burwell's ch. f. *Lucinda Redd*, by Mercury, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs,	0	4	

Time, 4:00—3:57. Mr. Lee's filly was crippled two days before the race.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 13.—Jockey Club Purse $330, free for all ages, weights as before; Three mile heats.

Maj. Wm. Harvey's gr. h. *Arthur Taylor*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs,	1	1	
L. Phelps' gr. h. *Livingston*,* by Medley, 5 yrs,	2	2	
P. Buford's ch. f. *Humming Bird*, by Lance, 4 yrs,			3 dis
Wm. A. Goode's b. m. *Sally Hood*, by Moloch, dam by Brean, 6 yrs,			dis

Time, 5:53—5:55.

* The rider of Livingston stopped him after the 2d mile in the first heat, supposing the heat was out; afterwards started him, and it was necessary to make a severe brush to make up the gap occasioned by his stopping.

Mr. GIBBONS' fine horse *Milo*, by Mons. Tonson, died last week at Trenton. He was in training, and on his way to the races. He was a superb horse to the eye, and very highly valued by his spirited owner, who sent *Bonnets o' Blue*, *Fire-fly*, and his other brood mares to him this season.

We find the following very important announcement in the London Court Journal of the 12th of August.

The Duke of Rutland and the Marquess of Granby commence grouse shooting to-day, at Longshawe Lodge, near Sheffield.

The baggage of the King of Wirtemberg, upon his arrival in London, was entrusted to Messrs. Devoy & Co., of Lower Thames street, by whom it was immediately forwarded to the Clarendon.

The Marquess of Hertford, we understand, is undetermined whether he will travel by land to Marseilles, and thence to Nice, to make a tour of six weeks in Germany.

We think, decidedly, that he had better spend "six weeks in Germany."

GALLATIN (Tenn.) FALL RACES.

Our special correspondent, under date of Sept. 22, furnishes us with the annexed report of the Gallatin (Tenn.) Fall races. The following gentlemen compose the officers of the meeting:—JESSE CAGE, Esq., President; James J. Blackmore, Eli Odom, Vice Presidents; Gen. Hall, Dr. Anderson, Eli Odom, Judges; Hugh Kirkman, Balie Peyton, Esqrs., Timers; Thos. Barry, Esq. Secretary.

MONDAY, Sept. 18, 1837.—A Sweepstake Race, sub. $50, Mile heats.

D. Burford's ch. h. *Citizen*, by Stockholder, out of Patty Puff by Pacolet, 6 yrs. 110lbs.	1	1
A. Youree's ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs. 100lbs	2	2
Robt. Smith's bl. f., 3 yrs. 83lbs	dis	

Time, 2:05—2:10.

TUESDAY, Sept. 19.—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds; sub. $100 each, h. ft.; 11 subs. Mile heats.

Jesse Cage's gr. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of the dam of Lisbon Maid by Pacolet	1	1
A. Alexander's ch. c. by Cock of the Rock, dam by Pacolet	3	2
John Malone's b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of the dam of Murat	2	3
Richard Hall's br. c. by Cock of the Rock, out of own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder	dis	

Time, 2:06—2:02.

Track deep and heavy. Won with ease by the Leviathan. From the nature of the soil, it is impossible to make very crack time over this course.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 20.—Jockey Club Purse $700, entrance money included; Three mile heats.

Jesse Cage's ch. c. *Poney*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs. 86lbs.	3	1	1
W. S. Miller's ch. f. *Harpalyce*, by Collier, dam by Sea Serpent, 3 yrs. 83lbs.	1	2	2
Youree & Head's b. h. *Balie Peyton*, by Bertrand, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. 100lbs	2	dis	
Robt. Smith's bl. f. *Sally McCall*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar, 3 yrs. 83lbs.	4	dis	
David Burford's b. c. *Fulton*, by Cock of the Rock, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs. 86lbs.	dis		

Time, 6:17—6:05—6:10.

This race was severely contested, and afforded much sport. The betting was pretty heavy after the first heat, taking the Collier filly against the Poney, though Balie Peyton had many backers, and considering that he had only been up a few days previous to the races, the show he made in the first heat justified his backers in their support of him.

1st heat.—Poney had the track, Sally McCall taking the lead. They went off at a killing pace for the first mile, Balie, with Sally McCall, leading, but after the second round the scene was changed, Harpalyce and Poney coming into play, Harpalyce evidently running for the heat, and blackey, upon the Poney, with difficulty reining him back, but near the last quarter he held him up, when Balie took Harpalyce and made a pretty brush home, but it was no go, the filly winning by several feet; Fulton distanced.

2d heat.—The bettting was now severe on the field against the Poney, whose friends must have picked up the change with a caution. They got away in a gallant style, Balie leading; the two first miles were severely contested by Balie, Poney, and Harpalyce. Between the two latter a killing brush was made, but it was evident that the run in the first heat had given Harpalyce enough, though her friends contended if she had been well rode that the race was her's. It is a fact, she was miserably ridden. The Poney was in hand, Balie and Sally McCall distanced, the former by a mistake of Mr. Youree, he ordering his boy to pull up, thinking that he was within the distance.

THURSDAY, Sept. 21.—Purse $500, ent. money included; Two mile heats.

Samuel Ragland's b. f. *Queen of Diamonds*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. 97lbs	1	1
Wm. L. Alexander's b. f. *Betsey Watson*, by Jefferson, dam by Sir Henry Tonson, 4 yrs. 97lbs	2	dr
Youree & Head's b. h. *Balie Peyton*, by Bertrand, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. 100lbs	dis	
G. W. Parker's ch. f. *Maria Bradford*, by Kosciusko, dam by Diomed, 4 yrs. 97lbs.	dis	
Robt. Smith's b. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs. 86lbs	dis	

Time, 3.57.

The Queen of Diamonds was the favorite two to one against the field, but not much betting. They got away in a crowd, and made some pretty running for the first half mile, when Betsey Watson and the Queen left their competitors far behind, contending by themselves; they made several brushes together, and were frequently up with each other, but the Queen finally headed Betsey, winning by a length.

On the call for the 2d heat, it was announced that Mr. Alexander had drawn the filly; it appeared that on making the first turn, the Kosciusko filly had kicked Betsey, which induced her owner to draw her.

FRIDAY, Sept. 22.—Purse $600. Four mile heats.

Saml. Ragland's bl. h. *Othello*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs. 110lb	1	1
Youree & Head's gr. h. *Albatross*, by Washington, dam by Imp. Eagle, 6 yrs. 118 lb.	2	dr

Time, 8:12.

SWEEPSTAKES RACE, AUGUSTA, Ga.

On the 23d ult., came off a Barbecue and a Sweepstakes race, on the Lafayette Course, at Augusta, which appear to have afforded great sport. The race is thus described in the "People's Press:"—

Mr. Editor.—In the dearth of every thing else, a race is no bad article of excitement; and among races, the Sweepstake of the 23d is not the worst that has been run. Early on Saturday, the Lafayette was alive, and all sorts of betting was made—from the value of the best nag to run, to the quid pro quo of the Barbecue, which was to come after; and as far as I could see, there was as much interest felt by the one as the other: by him who was betting to fill his belly, as by him who expected to fill his pocket. Blue Black, however, seemed to be decidedly the favorite; and the cry was, "Blue Black against the field!"—"Blue Black against any named nag,"—"Two to one on Blue Black!" Now and then a bold spirit, who would not be bluff'd, and whose chivalric feelings induced him to take the weak side, would chime to the song, with—"I take that bet," and done, and done, was the word.

A few minutes after 12, the Judges took the stand, and the drawing for places commenced, which resulted as follows:—

Blue Black, the track; *Eliza Hunter*, 2nd; *Mary Cooper*, 3rd; *Alice Ann*, 4th. And this by many was thought would be the coming out—but Eliza Hunter, (owned by Mr. Leverich), a most beautiful bay filly, was decidedly out of order; she was off her foot and feed both; so much so that her owner was at a stand within a minute of the start whether he would run her or not, and was only induced to do so as there was many bets which would have had to be drawn if she was. "I will run her, however," said the Doctor, "and though I can't win, I may make play for others:" so she was led up. The tap of the drum was the signal. "Bring up your horses!" cried the Judges, and after the usual caution to the riders, all were mounted—"Clear the track!" cried one—"Drive off them dogs," sung out another—"Get out of the way, boys!" cautioned a third; and in imitation of an old friend, whom all will recollect, a fourth vociferates at the top of his voice—"Will nobody kill them damned dogs!" At length all was right on the track; but a false start was made by three of the eager horses, who seemed to 'guess' their business. Blue Black was, however, held in by his owner, Mr. Hammond, (*Zoloe* of Kentucky's Hammond), and seemed to wonder at their eagerness, and looked as much as to say—"don't hurry boys, there won't be any fun till I start." A second time they came up—the drum was tapped, and away they went. Blue Black and Eliza Hunter going hip and thigh for the first turn. Alice Ann, who got rather a bad start, nearly bolted within fifty yards of the stand; not from any vicious propensity, but from her ardor; a few jumps brought her right. Mary Cooper was under a steady pull at the haunches of the two first. For the first half there was beautiful running. Alice Ann had come up like a storm, and took the track—Eliza Hunter kept in close conversation with her, and Blue Black who liked the company of the two ladies, was as near as gallantry would allow, quite near enough to have handed a *mouchoir* or taken a parasol. A blanket—(but a blanket is a vulgar word where the sexes are concerned)—but the size of a blanket might have covered the three; Mary Cooper was behind, but going a steady pace. But now comes the time when there must be a change. Blue Black had the honor of an old trainer in his legs, and Hammond had given him a certain time to do his work in; so gallantry must give place to duty: the pace didn't suit him, so he quickened it. The gallant spirit which had sustained Eliza Hunter in despite of her ailings, began to flag—Blue Black passed her and touched his headstall out of compliment. He ranged alongside of her *fair* friend Alice Ann just before the last turn;—they were side and side at the stretch—and now is the time, if ever, for the grey mare to show she is the best horse. And here the superiority of *his* trainer was manifest. "I train hard," says Hammond, "but if I don't do good work at the last stretch, let me know of it." "I train to come out at the last end," says he, and so it was. It was a beautiful brush, but the *Grey* Alice Ann could not stand it. Blue Black came thundering on, mending at every jump, and she was at her best already. Flesh and blood couldn't stand it—and as Alice Ann *was* flesh and blood, she dropped a length or so behind, and Blue Black passed the stand amid the cheers of the multitude. I never saw a better humored crowd, loosers as well as winners, all seemed in good humor—and the thing went off "elegantly."

SATURDAY, Sept. 23, 1837.—*Lafayette Course*, Augusta, Ga.—Sweepstakes, free for all ages; sub. $000 each, p.p. Weights: 3 yr. olds, 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—and aged 126lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. One mile out.

M. L. Hammond's bl. h. *Blue Black*, by Van Tromp, dam by Sir Archy, 6 yrs.	1
G. Edmonson's gr. f. *Alice Ann*, 3 yrs.	2
Morrison & Harrison's m. *Mary Cooper*, 5 yrs.	3
Dr. Leveritch's f. *Eliza Hunter*, 3 yrs.	4

Time, 1:50.

AN EXPENSIVE JOB.—A gentleman passing a country church, while under repair, observed to one of the workmen that he thought it would be an expensive job to repair the edifice.

"Why, yes," replied the man; "but in my opinion we shall accomplish what our minister has in vain endeavored to do for the last thirty years."

"What is that?" said the gentleman.

"Why, bring all the parish to repentance."

MATCH, $5000 ASIDE, HORTENSE vs. SCARLET.

A respected Southern correspondent informs us that the Secretary of the Jockey Club at Columbus, Miss., omitted to apprise us of an important match between *Hortense* and *Scarlet*, four mile heats, for $5000, which came off on the Hyde Park Course at Columbus, ten days subsequent to the Spring Club meeting in May. Both horses are among the most distinguished race nags of the Southwest. *Scarlet* was bred in Kentucky, where he made his debut as "*Splendid*;" he was afterwards taken to Louisiana by A. CONLEY, Esq., where he was sold to MAURICE E. BOYLES, Esq., of St. Francisville, at a high figure. Mr. B. afterwards sold him to Col. VANCE JOHNSTON, of Mobile, Ala. *Hortense* was bred by DUKE W. SUMNER, Esq., of Nashville, Tenn; she is doubtless one of the very best daughters of "the great *Pacific*," and is now the property of JOHN B. JONES and ELI ABBOTT, Esq., of Columbus, Miss.

The present match on the part of Hortense was made by Dr. Wm. A. LELAND, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., who run her. Scarlet was the favorite up to the day of running, when a reaction ensued, and the Pacific filly had the call. The day selected for the match was fine, and a great number of ladies and gentlemen were in attendance. Scarlet had the inside track, but Hortense took and maintained the lead for three miles; when her rider took her in hand, and Scarlet closed with her. Her jockey's hand soon got so cramped, that he lost his command over her, and she again led by 150 yards. He succeeded once more in checking her, on entering the last quarter stretch, and she was going at a hand-gallop rate when Scarlet again challenged, notwithstanding which she came home 40 yards a-head. The second heat afforded little sport, as after the first 300 yards Hortense led from end to end, under a pull. Our correspondent thinks she could have run each heat under 7:50, had she been put up. The "*tottle* of the whole" is annexed:—

WEDNESDAY, May 18, 1837.—*Hyde Park Course*, Columbus, Miss.—Match, $5000 a-side, Four mile heats.

Dr. Wm. A. Leland's (Jones & Abbott's) b. m. *Hortense*, by Pacific, out of Bett Bossley by Little Wonder, 5 yrs. 107lbs.	1	1
Col. Vance Johnston's ch. h. *Scarlet*, by Waxy, dam by Tiger, 5 yrs. 110lbs.	2	2

Time, over 8:00 each heat. Track heavy.

ANOTHER IMPORTATION OF BLOOD STOCK.

The Charleston Courier of the 27th ult. says:—

The British ship China, Capt. Larmour, arrived here on Monday last, from Liverpool, having on board a number of horses, imported for Cols. HAMPTON and SINGLETON.

The China experienced a severe gale of wind on the 14th inst., during which it became necessary to batten down the hatches, and consequently the animals suffered much from the confined air, causing the sickness of two or three. These, as they lay down in their stalls, were somewhat bruised and chafed, but we are pleased to learn that none of them sustained any material injury.

We were on board the China yesterday when she hauled into the dock, and to our unpractised eye the horses looked as fresh, and in as good condition as if they had been kept in a stable on shore.

The importers are indebted to Mr. GEORGE FRYER, the gentleman who had the horses in charge, for the great care and attention that has been devoted to them. Any person conversant with the management of horses will at once appreciate the services of a man who takes such a number under his charge at sea, and notwithstanding a most boisterous passage, thus bring them safely into port, in good health and fine condition.

The following is a list of the horses, and for whom imported:—

FOR COL. WADE HAMPTON.

1. Bay mare *Lucy*, 1829, by Cain, dam by Bustard, her dam by Malton, out of Gipsy, by Guilford.
2. Bay colt, 1836, by Emilius, out of Fleur de Lis, by Bourbon, her dam Lady Rachel, by Stamford, out of Young Rachel, by Volunteer, Rachel, by Highflyer.
3. Chesnut filly, 1836, by Actæon, out of Ada, by Woful, dam by Rubens, out of Guilford Nan, by Guilford, one of the best sons of Highflyer.
4. Bay filly, 1836, by Actæon, out of Scandal, by Slim, her dam by Haphazard.
5. Chesnut filly, 1836, by the Colonel, out of Miss Clifton, by Partisan, her dam Isis, by St. Peter, out of Isis, by Woodpecker, Isabella, by Eclipse.
6. Chesnut filly, 1836, by Langar, out of Balkan, her dam Mrs. Fry, by Walton, out of Vournun, by Sorcerer.

FOR COL. SINGLETON.

1. Bay filly, 1836, by Priam, out of Malibran, by Rubens, out of Bolter's dam, by Trumpator.
2. Chesnut filly, 1836, by Langar, dam by Whisker, out of Tramp's dam, by Gohanna, Fraxinella, by Trentham.
3. Bay filly, 1836, by Mulatto, out of Octavia, by Tramp, her dam Octavia, by Walton, Marcia, by Oriander—Faith—Pacolet—Atalanta.
4. Bay filly, 1836, by Lapdog, out of Mischance, by Merlin, her dam by Haphazard, out of Web, the dam of Filagree, grandam of Bay Middleton, Mahometan, Nell, &c.
5. Chesnut mare, 1829, by Partisan, out of Filagree, by Soothsayer.
6. Bay mare *Miss Goulborne*, 1831, by Lottery, out of the Nun, by Blacklock, her dam by Whisker.

A fine Durham cow, of the best blood and beautiful symmetry, was shipped on board the China, but died on the passage.

We congratulate the admirers of the sports of the turf on the successful result of these importations, and we are confident that they will feel under obligations to the spirited and enterprizing gentlemen who have been engaged in it, whose motives cannot be misunderstood, and are well appreciated—to benefit the State, by encouraging the raising of first rate horses, capable not only of competing with, but excelling those of any other State in the Union.

Messrs. DUNCAN & WITHERS, of Autanga Co., South Alabama, have sold their filly *Wren*, by Imp Leviathan, dam by Marshal Ney (own sister to Linnet), 3 yrs. old, to ROBERT BEASLEY, Esq., for F. DUPLANTIER, Esq., of La., for $5000 cash.

New Race Course.—Dr. WM. A. LELAND, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., has laid out a handsome race trace on his plantation, about five miles from town, on the Huntsville road, and will have it in perfect order for a meeting the ensuing winter, or early in the Spring. Arrangements on a liberal scale are making for the accommodation of gentlemen and their stables. The purses will be heavy—$1000 for 4 mile heats, and others in proportion. The date of the meeting, purses, etc., will be detailed hereafter.

Some misapprehension may have been excited as to the ownership of *Big John*, the Kentucky "crack," from a paragraph in this paper of the 9th ult. He has been sold by Messrs. BURBRIDGE & DICKEY, of Lexington, to go to South Carolina—there's no doubt about that—but that Messrs. BUTLER & ADAMS are the real purchasers, as our correspondent stated, admits of considerable doubt. There are half a dozen *Colonels* connected with the Carolina Turf, and *one of them* has purchased *Big John*, all on dits and rumors to the contrary notwithstanding. He will doubtless be named in a match before many months, but we should like to take a flagon of Burgundy against a basket of Chateau Margaux *Col. B.* does not name him.

SUGGESTIONS TO TURFMEN.

GRASS HILLS, (Ky.) Sept. 28, 1837.

FRIEND P.—I do not like the fashion of allowing horses to walk over for Jockey Club purses. The race-going folks are too frequently disappointed, and at the very time when they anticipate the rarest sport. Proprietors of courses lose considerably, besides, the Club is sometimes thwarted in its object; for it occasionally happens that an animal not of the first order walks over for a purse, his friends, by their puffing, deterring others that might in fact, on a trial, be better. I would suggest to the different Jockey Clubs the propriety of adopting a rule, compelling a horse entered without opposition for the purse given by the Club, to perform the race in some fixed time, such as would be impossible for a very inferior animal, or one out of condition, to accomplish. For instance, mile heats, to run two heats in one minute fifty-four seconds each; two mile heats three minutes fifty-seven seconds; three mile heats, five minutes fifty-nine seconds; four mile heats, eight minutes. To have the privilege of four trials for each race. The run may be decided the first heat by the performance being a distance quicker than the time; and if a distance behind the time, not to be allowed to start again. This arrangement would always ensure sport, as well as pretty good running.

When it is the case that the horse that walks over for the purse is of the first order, it would be but fair that he should be compelled to make the run in good time, as he would most likely be entered for the largest purse. In Kentucky, Rodolph has taken one or more purses without opposition; and at Louisville last Spring, Big John walked over for the largest purse, when, if they had been compelled to make their races in quick time, we could have then determined their value, and the run would have excited considerable interest. Power should be vested in the judges to alter on the evening previous to the race the time in which it should be run, in the event of the track being unusually heavy.

Respectfully, GEO.

Aquatic Register.

Boat Race for $1000 aside. The "Fairy" vs. "The Brooklyn."

This interesting race, for such it proved to be, came off on Tuesday last; the distance was from Castle Garden, round Bedlow's Island and back. The Castle was full of all sorts of people to witness this trial of skill; and those who went did not come away disappointed, unless they backed the Brothers, and then it is easily accounted for, as they were beaten. We will describe the boats first.—The "Fairy" is a skiff 28 feet long, and was built in the early part of the season by SHAMBERY, of this city, and has certainly won plenty of laurels, which we hope will not be wrested from her; it will take a good boat, and *rather* a stout crew to do it. The "Brooklyn" came from the well-known hands of CROLIUS, of "*Ware*" notoriety. She is certainly a very beautiful boat, well made, and a good model—she measures 30 feet, and had the advantage of the "Fairy" 2 feet, which was considered to be very much in her favor. At a quarter past 4 o'clock the Judges, Ex-President ROLLINS, and another gentleman, whose name we did not learn, prepared them for the start, and at three taps of the drum off they went, the "B." cutting out the work for the first half mile; the Bay was very rough, which caused both boats to take in much water, and long before they reached the Island they had any quantity, which kept the coxwains *continually* bailing out the unwelcome visiter. On reaching the Island, the "Fairy" was leading by at least ten boat's lengths, when, having grounded on the other side, the "B" came up and lapp'd her; then came the tug of war; but on rounding the point, and again coming into rough water, it was soon perceived the Fairy was ahead, in which place she came in about twelve boats' lengths. Time by the Judges, 32:22. This is the best time made this season, when the rough state of the Bay is taken into consideration, and also that the "Fairy" lost her *head gear* after leaving the stake boat, a heavy sea having broke over her and carried it away; she came in one-third full of water. The crew of the winning boat was composed of four out of six, who rowed in the "Disowned" last week against the *well-known* "Po'keepsie" boat "Washington," and beat her nearly out of sight. Their names are—W. Seaman, H. White, D. Webb, and W. Dixon; Coxwain, W. Seaman, Jr. The "Brooklyn" was pulled by the Brothers Roberts, and J. Jennings; Coxwain, S. Roberts. The Roberts did all they knew, and rowed most manfully, but they were overmatched in this race. We should like to have seen a smooth Bay, and think the result might have been different—but that is merely *our* opinion. The "Fairy" is owned by a Gentleman Amateur residing in Brooklyn, who lent his boat for this occasion. The "Brooklyn" was never before beaten, and we hope the next race she is engaged in, with the Brothers Roberts to row her, they may be more fortunate. The season is now far advanced, and aquatic sports almost at an end; but there is some talk of a skiff race yet, each boat manned by two pair of sculls. The Roberts Brothers have a very pretty scull boat, and we saw one called the "Dream," out on Monday, owned we believe in Brooklyn: there may perhaps be a little more sport before the final wind up.

The conquering "*Wave*" has been sold for a *large* sum, and we understand is to be shipped immediately for Augusta, where she will walk *a little into their affections*, and astonish their fast canoes. ADZE.

THE QUEBEC REGATTA

Took place on the 21st ult. The Quebec Mercury furnishes the following report. The weather was delightful and serene, but there was not sufficient wind for the sail boats to work to advantage.

The Rowing matches came off in the following order:—

Row Boats—First Class—Gentleman Amateurs; ent. $8, prize $40.

Mr. Allen's *Waterwitch* (White and Red)	1	1
Mr. Vivian's *Hookey Walker*	2	2

A very excellent match, and the first heat won by the Waterwitch by about half a boat's length. The Hookey Walker was rowed by Officers in the Army, under the disadvantage of never having been in the boat till the morning of the race, and then consenting, for the sake of sport, to row her with sculls which were far too short, rather than the public should be disappointed the expected race. The comparative merits of these boats are well known, and with equal crews the advantage either might gain in a mile, depending on the state of the water, would not be above a boat's length.

The second heat was also closely contested, and the match was one of the closest we have seen at Quebec.

The same boats were afterwards started for a small purse, manned by sailors of the *Champion*, and the Waterwitch had again the advantage.

Row Boats—Second Class.—Four oared Boats, not Prize or Whale Boats, rowed or steered by sailors and others; ent. $2, prize $20.

Capt. King's (R. N.) *Champion*	1	1
Mr. Colman's *Narcissus*	2	2
Mr. Pemberton's *Mariner*	3	3

This race was easily won by the Champion's boat, but was more nearly contested by the two beaten boats, though it did not excite so much interest as the first race.

A *By-Match* took place between the Champion and a boat belonging to Mr. Usborne, which was won by the latter.

We have now to notice the Sailing Match, which commenced between the rowing matches, but not to render the account confused we have reserved it for the last, as indeed it did not terminate till dark.

First Class—Yachts.—Ent. $5; first boat to receive $35, and entrances; second boat $30; third boat, $15.

Col. Hon. C. Gore's *Red Bird* (Red Flag at the Fore)	1	1
Mr. Dyde's *Young John Bull* (Green Flag and Harp)	2	2
Mr. Hunter's *Lotus* (St. George's Ensign)	4	3
Mr. Sharples' *Crusader* (White Flag—Maltese Cross)	3	4
Mr. D. Burnett's *Rattlesnake* (Red Flag at the Main)	0	5
Mr. Gilmour's *Victoria* (Small Red Pendant)	4	0

We have already said that there was but little wind; at the turn of the tide however, a light air from the northeast enabled the boats to beat down with the ebb tide; the *Red Bird* keeping close to the wind made a good stretch on the first tack and got well ahead of the little squadron, but the *Young John Bull*, by the good management of Captain Vaughart who sailed her, got first round the boat, off Orleans, having gained nearly a mile upon the other boats which stood too close in to the north shore. The whole squadron were again together, the wind not being sufficient to enable them to make head against the tide; but towards evening it freshened again from the northeast, sufficiently to carry the lighter boats forward on their course, and they rounded the frigate; and, having sailed over the course the second time, came in in the order above shown. The larger boats had not a chance—the *Rattle Snake* did not go round the second time, and the *Victoria*, finding the air altogether too light for her, anchored at the lower boat.

It is the great drawback on Regattas that wind and tide cannot be controlled, and with the most beautiful weather, the want of wind destroyed the interest of the sailing match.

There was one part of the day's amusement in which, however, no disappointment occurred, and that was in the hospitable entertainment a very numerous company received on board Her Majesty's Ship *Champion*, from her gallant commander, Captain King, and the Officers of the ship. The handsome little craft was dressed at an early hour of the day, with the flags of different nations, signals, &c., and the boats were in constant attendance, conveying parties on board, where they met with the most courteous reception. The Bands of the 15th and 83d Regiments were on board, and entertained the company with their choicest music, and refreshments were served in abundance, with the genuine hospitality for which the Officers of the British Navy have ever been proverbial.

The sports concluded to-day with a grand Cricket Match on the Plains of Abraham, the weather, after a tempestuous night, having cleared about noon: we have not heard the result of the match.

The whole of the amusements of the three days have passed off in a manner which gave general satisfaction, and though mentioned last, the Race Ball was by no means the least gratifying part of the arrangements, and we may add, that the preparations made by the Host of the Albion, were in a style that did credit to his liberality.

To the Club Boat Fairy.—It having been reported that the friends and crew of the FAIRY are willing to row their boat against the Brooklyn and crew, and and give them the privilege of choosing their place of rowing—betting at the same time two to one against the Brooklyn, we the undersigned, will accept the above challenge for one or two thousand dollars, and to row any time his or next week. The place of rowing not to exceed ten miles from the city of New-York. If the crew of the Fairy will accept the above, they will please call at Castle Garden and make an entry of $100 to insure the bet—the distance to be rowed, five miles, or over.

MESSRS. ROBERTS.
JOHN E. JENNINGS.

A sergeant in a regiment of dragoons, who was about six feet high and very stout, was joking an Irishman upon the natural proneness of his countrymen to make bulls in conversation. "By my soul," said Delany, "Ireland never made such a bull in all her lifetime as England did when she made a light horseman of you."

THE LATE GEORGE BAKER, ESQ.,

OF ELMORE HALL, NEAR DURHAM.

"Each year brings forth its millions; but how long
The tide of generations shall roll on,
And not the whole combined and countless throng
Compose a mind like thine! though all in one
Condensed their scatter'd rays, they would not form a sun."—BYRON.

The page of Turf History never recorded the life of so ardent and soul-devoted a lover of the British race-horse as the late GEORGE BAKER, Esq., who, after attaining a patriarchal length of years, died at Elmore Hall, on Whit-Monday, May 15, 1837, revered and regretted by all who possessed the least knowledge of his person, and highly respected as a straight-forward honest Sportsman by every admirer of the national sport.

Mr. Baker was born in the year 1754, and was descended from a very ancient family, who for centuries have held considerable estates in the county of Durham, one of his direct ancestors being Sir George Baker, Knight, who was one of the loyal defenders of Newcastle-upon-Tyne during the Civil Wars.

Wherever the Sporting spirit exists, like "*blood*," it will never lay dormant, but rise in due time to the surface; and this spirit with young Baker very early broke covert. In one of those delightful conversations which I, the unworthy biographer of so noble a man, had the pleasure of enjoying, he recounted the history of his first indulging his ruling passion at the cost of a severe penalty. When he was about the age of fifteen, he was placed at a school some sixteen miles distant from Epsom, and the tempting announcement of "the Races," with the celebrated Eclipse enrolled among the engaged, induced young Baker to propose to his fellow playmates a visit (*without leave*) to the Downs, which met a very hearty response; and at early morn on the day of running, all took their departure, and reached Epsom in good time. "Here," Mr. Baker said, "I first saw Eclipse, very like the prints which are published of his portrait; but the figure of his jock I was then most amused at. There," said he, "was old John Oakley on his back in a pair of quarter-boots, or rather shoes to the ankle, coarse blue worsted stockings, leather breeches, and an immense profusion of strings at the knee!" What a contrast to *the exquisite* Arthur Pavis of the present age! The day's sport concluded, and then the rovers had sixteen miles to return, which they accomplished amid a very rainy evening, reaching their Dominie's house a complete lot of sops, when, cold and shivering, they were all sent to their dormitories, and next morning received an invigorating *warmth* from the *whipper-in*; but no *curb* could check the racing fever from the hero of our tale.

When Mr. Baker reached the age of twenty his father died, and left him in full possession of the family estates; and six years after he made his *debût* on the race course at Durham (in 1780) as an owner of race-horses and a gentleman rider, in which character he was many years celebrated. An easy victory, however, attended his first essay, for he walked over. Two years after this, he won his first race at Durham with a horse of his own, Blacklegs, by Young Matchem, riding himself, and defeating four others.

Although Mr. Baker did not train very large strings of horses, yet he in early years had constantly something going up the gallops at Richmond, where all his horses were trained by the late Mr. Thomas Fields, then a celebrated artist and rider. The list of nags which he possessed by breeding or purchase was as follows, the year named being that in which they became his property:—

1781 Young Prince.
1784 Mulciber, by Amaranthus.
Balloon, by Alfred.
1785 Harlequin, by Amaranthus.
Blackbird.
Loadstone, by Magnet.
Merry Wakefield, by Wildair.
1786 Carlton, by Eclipse, out of Miss Skeggs.
Stump, late Spanking Roger.
1787 Pantomime, by Amaranthus.
Piper Tom, by Carabineer, out of Dance's dam.
Windlestone, by Magnet.
1788 Cavendish, by Young Morwick, out of Sister to Gnawpost, by Snap.
Dance, by Pontac, dam by Matchem.
1789 Bolus, by Young Marske, out of Ferret.
Bay colt by Paymaster, out of Rockingham's dam.
Tally-ho, brother to Cavendish.
1790 Brush, by Espersykes.
Catherine, by Young Marske.
Mars, by Paymaster, out of Amazon, by Le Sang.
Tom Tring, own brother to Cavendish.
1791 Beamish, own brother to Young Paymaster, by Paymaster.
Freeholder, by Phenomenon.
Sandhopper, by King Fergus, dam Ticket's dam, by King Herod.
1793 Bishoprick, by Bowdrow, dam by Viper—Syphon.
1794 Colt by Delpini, out of Heiress.
1795 Screveton, own brother to Diamond, by Highflyer.
1796 Pumps, own brother to Freeholder.
Shuttle, by Young Marske, dam by Vauxhall Snap.
1797 De Cash, by King Fergus, dam by Highflyer.
Dissenter, own brother to Overton.
Haphazard, by Delpini.
1798 Jonah, by Escape, out of Coriander's dam.
1799 Biribe, by Boston.
Martha Allanson, late Belinda, by Coriander, out of Sandhopper.
1800 Bryan O'Lynn, afterwards Bonaparte, by Aston, dam by Le Sang.
Jack's Alive, by Walnut, out of Magpie's dam.
Sowerby, by Walnut, out of Sandhopper.
1801 Craven, by Ruler.
1802 Quilter, by Standard, dam by Sir Peter Pellet (a son of Doge).
1805 Buckram, by Oberon.
1810 Recollection, by Remembrancer, dam by Antæus.
Strider, by Stride, out of sister to Streatham Lass.
1812 Bay colt by Emperor, dam by Pipator, out of Beatrice.
1815 Bay colt by Orville, dam by Pipator, out of Beatrice.
Jack Horner, by Golumpus.
1822 Jenny Horner, by Golumpus, dam by Syphon.
1835 Priestess, by Voltaire, out of Marphisa, by Haphazard.

It will be seen that several of the foregoing horses were cocktails, which Mr. Baker always rode himself, and proved very successful. Of the blood portion, though they were not fortunate enough to carry away a Derby, Oaks, or Leger, yet many of them were nags of a superior and respectable grade.

Carleton he purchased of the late Thomas Stapleton, Esq., for 500 gs., and he ran third for the Leger at Doncaster.

In the year 1787 Mr. Baker purchased of Mr. Weatherill that well-known horse *Windleston*, but for some reason or other he never started him in public.

Cavendish proved a horse of good ability, and was successfully trained for a period of seven years, winning many stakes besides the Great Subscription Purse at York August Meeting in 1789.

The pride of gaining conquests, and the estimation this fine Sportsman held of the laureis, I am enabled to illustrate in a very forcible light while noticing the horse Cavendish. At the period this horse was in training, the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth, was a patron of the York Meetings, and ran horses for the subscription purses. In the year 1791, the Prince sent down Traveller and Creeper to run for those stakes. Mr. Baker had Cavendish also engaged in the same race with Traveller. The celebrated Trainer, old John Mangles, had also Mr. Wastell's horse Tickle Toby prepared for the contest. The pride of the North country defeating the Royal Studs reigned predominant in Mr. Baker's mind, but how to achieve the difficulty was the object to be attained. At last, after considerable reflection, Mr. Baker hit upon the expedient that if he and old Mangles could come to an arrangement with their two horses, one to run the Prince's horse out—that is, at great speed—while the other waited to take him up at the latter end of the race, the victory might be snapped. Here, however, another difficulty presented itself, for from some little difference between Mr. Baker and Mangles, the two, although formerly excellent friends, had stood upon some little point of etiquette, and *had not spoken for a period of seven years!* Any sacrifice was, however, thought worth submitting to to beat the Royal Sportsman; and consequently Mr. Baker submitted to speak to Mangles, and the fence of reserve was immediately broken down by both parties. Mangles had devised the scheme as well as Mr. Baker: there only wanted the means to induce both to join in the prosecution of it, and this desirable end was attained. The race was run; Cavendish sailed Traveller on until the two were not a little jaded, and at the end Tickle Toby came up, and won the laurels cleverly from Traveller and his rider, old Chifney, after one of the finest races ever seen. It need scarcely be added that Mangles afterwards retained the esteem of Mr. Baker to the end of his life.

Cavendish finished his racing career by running at Manchester for a plate when the ground was so *hard* that all the horses at the meeting were lamed. He was afterwards a stallion at Hurworth, near Darlington.

Screveton was purchased of Mr. Cookson, and won a subscription at York, and in 1798 became a stallion at Malton, where his stock proved the most superior hunters &c. in the world.

Recollection ran second to Octavian for the Leger, and was sold to Major Wheatley for 1200 gs.

The sporting spirit of this honored Sportsman led him to engage in some very singular and curious wagers, which the two cases I am about to state will illustrate. Many years ago, the late Sir Henry Liddle had a black servant, a regular good 'un at his pipe; and Sir Henry, in relating the fellow's propensity to Mr. Baker, expressed his conviction that Sambo could smoke a whole pound of the weed in the short space of an hour. This Mr. Baker disputed, and bet Sir Henry 100 gs. he could not perform it. In order to create some fun over the feat, it was appointed that Sambo should exhibit in the market-place at Durham, and there a stage was fixed near the Water Fountain, with the tobacco and lots of pipes, a table and seat, all in readiness. At the hour of twelve o'clock at noon, on a market-day, the man of color mounted, with another to fill his bowls, and by the hour of one, incredible as it may seem, "Othello" had finished the work of "his occupation," to the cost of Mr. Baker. Sambo was allowed as much drink as he chose to partake of, and was honored by an immense audience, who loudly cheered him at the conclusion of his task.

In the year 1788 he matched a grey horse, his property, to run a bay mare belonging to Mr. Maynard, one mile, *each to carry thirty stone*, for 100 gs., which was actually run at York, and won by the mare! The saddles for the contest were made by Erskine, of York, and were so loaded with lead as to require several persons to put them upon the animals' backs. The mare was rode by the coachman of the late Mr. Cholmeley, of Howsham, and the horse by Michael Mason, then trainer to W. Tuffnell Jolliff, Esq., of New Monkton.

So long as the recollection of the person and character of this ardent Sportsman shall be retained, the annals of the Turf must fail to picture a parallel to so devoted an adorer and admirer of its sports. Did illness attack his frame—and he endured *not a few fillips* from that agonizing malady "the gout,"—no matter: if he could but get to his carriage, and the race of interest was to come off even 200 miles from home, he followed the charm of his favorite predilection, and that too even up to the last end of his earthly race. The Derby Stakes at Epsom, 1835, although he had then reached his 81st year, was a temptation which seduced him to leave his home for the Downs, and after the race I believe he offered a large sum of money for the second horse, Ascot, which his owner refused.

So long as the honesty and purity of the British Turf shall be considered as an essential feature to be promoted by its admirers, and so long as the least spark of gratitude shall be felt towards those who strive to pluck the dishonest knave from its ranks, and brand him with his well-merited dishonor, thus long will the name of GEORGE BAKER stand out in beautiful relief and be admired. When the most nefarious transactions were practised by the owners of some favorites for the Doncaster St. Leger in 1814, Mr. Baker, who was Steward for Durham Meeting the following Spring, independently and nobly stood forward as the attainter of the owner of Belville—he and his brother colleague publishing the following Resolutions, a specimen of honest independence which the present day rarely, if ever, equals:—

"At a Meeting of the Stewards and Gentlemen Subscribers to Durham Races, held at the house of Mr. S. Horner, pursuant to notice, the following Resolutions were entered into:—

"Resolved—That the supposed Owner or Owners of the horse Belville, and certain other persons, not having cleared themselves from the charges brought against them at Doncaster, and also with regard to certain bets improperly made by them on the St. Leger Stakes 1814—it is the opinion of this Meeting (with a view to prevent similar impositions), that the horses belonging to such person or persons shall not be allowed to start for the Plates or Stakes subscribed to by the gentlemen interested in the prosperity of Durham Races.

"Resolved—That Mr. T. Chipchase, Clerk of the Course, be directed not to enter any nomination that may be made by such persons for the Durham Stakes or Plates.

"Resolved—That these Resolutions be inserted in the *Globe* and *York Herald* newspapers. GEORGE BAKER, R. E. D. SHAFTO, } *Stewards.*"

I have said Mr. Baker was long celebrated as a gentleman rider, which for years he maintained up to the year 1822, when he took his final public ride at Middleham, riding his own celebrated cocktail, Jenny Horner, and won his race easy, although then sixty-eight years old, beating a field of six!—the other gentlemen jocks being Sir Tatton Sykes, Mr. Booth, Mr. Hawke, Mr. Thomas Shafloe, Mr. James Ferguson, and Mr. T. Edmondson.

The joys of the Chase was also one of his favorite delights, and many many hundred times has he ran through

"the dangers and delights of the pursuit,"

even from his boyish days. His judgment of the "noble animal" ever demanded and won more than ordinary respect and attention; and his knowledge and practice (which he indulged in for his own personal pleasure) of the veterinary art was so extensive and well known, that he was frequently consulted in many cases of difficulty in the different stables, and in which the strictest fidelity and confidence was required.

There may in the paths of Turf History be found numbers of patrons and followers of the Race Course, who year after year enjoy its pleasures, but whose contributions to its advancement are never or rarely seen: the very reverse of such characters was the late George Baker. If a spring was required to set the spirit of the Turf in motion at any place where Baker was present, he was ever *the first to come out* nobly with a liberal subscription; and the last act of his generosity was offering to the Newcastle Meeting (now rapidly advancing to a great character through the exertions of the worthy Clerk of the Course) a piece of plate which he had manufactured before his death, representing a most elegant silver coal wagon, similar to one used at Raby Castle, in which the decanters wheel around the table. Mr. Baker, be it known, was a great coal-mine proprietor, and this circumstance dictated, no doubt, the taste of the plate. Although offered this year in good time, the circumstance of one or two flyers being named frightened many of the minor nags from engaging, and thus the prize did not gain a sufficient number of subscribers to warrant its being permitted a race. But although the donor has ceased to run his race amongst us, his spirit lived beyond, and next year it is again offered for competition; and I must add, that were I possessed of a horse capable of bearing off the trophy, I should consider it the most estimable prize I could possess, from the large portion of respect and esteem I must ever hold towards so worthy a character, and so bright an ornament to the British Turf.

His acts of charity and benevolence were unbounded; and no case of trouble or distress to a broken Turfman, if of honest character, ever met his ear without receiving due assistance; and, better, his endeavors were ever on the alert to engage others in the good work of charity in their behalf, and which his word never failed to obtain.

Such was the late George Baker. Were I to expatiate in volumes on his merit I should fail to do him justice.

In the political world Mr. Baker was an active supporter of the Whig party, and stood a severe contest for the city of Durham in the year 1813, unsuccessfully, being defeated by George Allan, Esq., of Blackwall Grange, from coming late up to the post: he was also a great practical agriculturist.

Mr. Baker married Isabella, the daughter of the late John Dalton, Esq., of Sleningford, near Ripon, and sister to the lady of the late well known sportsman William Garforth, Esq., the breeder and owner of Marcia, Vesta, &c., the two ladies being at that time considered the beauties of Yorkshire. Mrs. Baker died three or four years ago, leaving her partner an only daughter, now the lady of Col. Towers, to whom his property devolves.

Among other places, York shared largely in the attachment of Mr. Baker; and I think he once asserted in my presence, that during a period of fifty-five years, unless prevented by indisposition, he had never missed attending a single York Meeting; and during all that period he invariably attended the same house—the York Tavern, where now that excellent print of him, mounted on his favorite pony, thirty-three years old, attended by his dog, from a painting by Hancock, is daily to be seen. Alas! the subject in reality is gone, and "we ne'er shall look upon his like again."

Mr. Baker was, indeed, a prince of sportsmen. Although so many summers had roll d over his venerable head, he could see to read and write without spectacles up to the close of his life. In society he was ever a most entertaining and delightful companion—his memory, which was excellent, enabling him to tell of

"The dangers, struggles which had been run through
Even from his boyish days,"

on the Turf, with an accuracy most astonishing, while his knowledge of the Stud Book was equalled by few, and surpassed by none; and he has left behind him many valuable MSS. on the subject of pedigrees, which, if ever published, must prove of no small value to the British breeder and the Turf in general.

The remains of Mr. Baker were deposited in the family burial-ground at Hall Garth, near his residence, and in compliance with his own request, his monument will bear only this simple laconic inscription:—

The last of the George Bakers, of Elemore Hall, Durham:

His ancestors having carried the name of George Baker for some centuries, and he being the last male descendant of the race. ALFRED HIGHFLYER.

York, June 17, 1837.

London Sporting Magazine for August, 1837.

SPORTING IN GREECE.—There are four very good seasons of the year for shooting in Greece: in the month of April the pigeons remain about three weeks; the quails then follow and remain a month; then, in September and October, come the partridges; and in the months of November and December the woodcock and snipe, which arrive at that period in myriads. There are certain game laws in force, but the fees are very inexpensive. You take out a certificate for three months for a drachma and half (about one shilling); for a year you pay three and a half drachmas (two shillings and sixpence). The *gens-d'armerie* are very severe if they find you shooting without a license; your gun is taken from you, and not restored till you have paid the fine, which is about 100 drachmas—nearly £4 sterling. The cheapness of the license, one would almost think, would occasion so many sportsmen, that the game would sensibly diminish, until it almost disappeared; but such is not the case. In the interior of the country there are but few inhabitants, and the game enjoys an undisturbed repose. Partridges and hares are found all over Greece, and pheasants are found in great numbers in the neighborhood of Missolonghi, and at Zeitouni; and in Negroponte and the frontiers, the wild boar and deer are numerous. The other game mentioned is only transient, and they come in such flocks that they never appear to diminish.

Cochrane's Wanderings in Greece.

SEVERE JUSTICE.—Printlau, the late cashier to the Copenhagen theatre, has been convicted of defrauding the establishment of 70,000 dollars. The sentence is, loss of honor and his right hand, and hard labor in a fortress till the money be restored or the criminal die.

FENCING.

"He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cried out 'twould be a sight indeed
If one could match you; the 'scrimeurs of their nation
He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you opposed them——"

HAMLET.

Mr. Editor,—From the dearth of sporting subjects at the present season, a few remarks upon things going on very close to us in town, may not be unacceptable to you; and I must confess I am surprised that so little has ever yet appeared in any sporting work upon a subject which no "man of the world" ought to be ignorant of. From my motto you will perceive that I allude to the noble science of arms. How many of the officers of our forces are completely ignorant of the use of the weapon they are accoutred with, none but those who have had opportunities of seeing can imagine. Will it be credited, that ninety-nine out of every hundred of the commissioned are no match for the inferior grades. Yet such is the case most impartial military men will aver. For my own part, I knew a corps a short time since, where there was but one single officer who understood the use of his sword. I say understood the use of it, for I cannot call a superficial knowledge of the divisions of the sword exercise, sufficient for the purpose for which the sword is worn; as well might you call a child just commencing his first steps a pedestrian, as term those who are ignorant of their swords use, efficient officers. It may be imagined I overlook the duty of the officers, which is to *command* their men; no such thing; for if it be necessary in a general officer to see the juniors are acquainted with their sword exercise, and *report thereon* at his half-yearly inspections, it is surely requisite that he should know it himself;—and when is he to learn it? Not when more onerous duties press themselves upon him, not when his mind is occupied with the strategetic arts of war, or when time has weakened his nerves or palsied his hand. No; the knowledge should be acquired in earlier days, when the quick eye, the nimble hand, and firm and elastic step, are easily trained into the required habits. I fearlessly ask most gentlemen of the army, whether they are as proficient as they might be in the exercise of arms—whether they have not practised it rather as a *boring drill*, than as (to them at least) a useful knowledge and healthy recreation? Would that our young gents., when they join the corps to which they may happen to be appointed, but study it for their own credits, and then we should not have to say, as is at present the case, that one of the learned professions can produce the best swordsman in England.

It appears to me, from all that I have seen, both at home and abroad, that (in a military point of view) one of our most useful recreations is not only but little appreciated by the British nation at large, but is also, by the individuals most concerned, viewed with indifference or apathy. I should be sorry to see it followed so generally as it was formerly, for the purpose of obtaining satisfaction, as it is erroneously called, in a duel *à l'outrance*, yet I still think it may be advantageous to some; and if what I now have written should only stir up one, to whom it hereafter may be useful in his country's defence, to study it, I shall think my time well employed in these hasty remarks, before closing which, I shall add the substance of an old writer's words upon the subject—"No man," says he, "ever drew his sword in a duel whereby he deprived his fellow creature of life, but would sooner or later have given half he possessed to restore him again."

I am free to confess that whenever I see a trial of skill, an instantaneous change appears to take place in one; a warm glow follows the electric shock of the foils, which gives place to reminiscences of early friends whom I have seen laid in Eastern ground, and who, like myself, studied it for its invigorating effects or professional use,—and not as the practised science of the professed duelist, who, confident in his skill, wilfully offends that he may, forsooth, prove his courage, when he is certain of escaping with impunity. Such an one should be scouted from society as an assassin, and not received, as is sometimes the case, with increased respect—shall I say *fear?*

I was induced to pen the above from having witnessed a very pleasing essay at Mr. Angelo's School of Arms, St. James's Street, the other day. In consequence of its having been intimated to amateurs, that an Italian *maitre d'armes* would be present, and take part in the friendly *rencontres*, a numerous assembly of noblemen and gentlemen was gathered together.

Three o'clock is the usual hour for commencing, but in consequence of the non-arrival of some who were expected, it was not until four that the first *essai* took place. Mons. Jaudini having announced himself ready to commence, Mr. Phillipps, son of the Under-Secretary of State, was prevailed upon to engage him, yet with manifest symptoms of diffidence; indeed, I was so forcibly struck with the young gentleman's want of confidence, that I certainly augured an unfavorable result. Mons. J.'s attitudes were (contrasted with his opponent's) remarkably graceful. I would advise our *jeune escrimeurs* to study more carefully Mr. Angelo's positions, as in point of appearance the Continental fencers have a remarkable advantage over them. By studying graceful movements, I do not imply that it should be at the expense of freedom of motion, but that a little more of an erect figure would perhaps appear as well *at least* as a stooping posture. I do not mean by this that Mr. P. was of the class pointed out, yet he has much to remedy in this respect. Mons. J. was rather eager at first to prove his superiority, while Mr. P. steadily parried each pass made at him. The latter gentleman, should he see this article, will remember, I dare say, the line of defence he generally adopted, which struck me as being disadvantageous to him, viz.—parrying his whole front, when two or three successive lunges were made. At all events, it enabled him to defeat his assailant's attacks, till at last, seizing an opening, he made the first hit, "*carte over the arm.*" The second hit was his also, and the third effectual point given was in Mons. J.'s sword arm. The Italian now finding he had a clever, though young, opponent, to deal with, became more cautious, and the "tug of war" then commenced. In the next attack "*en tierce*," Mons. J. made a good hit, and afterwards obtained his *revanche* by two or three successive, though not strong lunges. After various exchanges, the *friendly* belligerents made their *conges* to each other and retired.

There was also a French gentleman who engaged Lord Balmeny, and I must say the graceful fencing of both, was superior to anything that I have seen lately.

Mons. J. was afterwards attacked by Mr. Carrington, who also proved himself an adept at the foils; the result was nearly similar to the first *essai*—the English fencers proving themselves in both cases rather superior to Mons J., who I was surprised to observe, appeared to fall off instead of improve, as was to be expected from a wary fencer of some standing.

The strongest fencer in Britain is the Marquis of Abercorn's son, who was not present this day, though I have seen him since engage a gentleman for a few minutes. Unfortunately for him, active exercise is considered by his physicians injurious to his constitution, and he did not take a foil up for the last twelve months until the day I allude to. His splendid figure, graceful action, and swift attacks were really the *ne plus ultra* of the science, particularly his impetuous *glissade*, and well-directed thrusts.

With "*jeune commencants*," there is a practice rather too general, which I will notice *en passant*. Foils when received from the makers are liable to bend, and if in making a pass they should turn the wrong way, it is a regular case of smash. To avoid this it is usual to bend the foil a little, and this circumstance has induced those of whom I speak to imagine that an advantage is derived from a bent foil. It certainly has a slight one in two cases, as Mr. Angelo himself allows, but is more than counterbalanced by the greater difficulty of seeing your antagonist's thrusts with a straight one.

In closing this account, I will merely just remark, that in addition to princes and noblemen, who have studied the science under Mr. Angelo, the principal performers, among whom were C. Kemble and Kean, acquired their knowledge at his *Salle d'Armes*, and were creditable proofs of the high talent of the professor. I again repeat that no "man of the world" or thorough sportsman should be unacquainted with fencing, even were it only for in door amusement, for as your motto says, "What is a gentleman without his recreations?"

The (London) Sportsman for Aug. JUNIUS.

TRAPPING THE BEAVER.—Practice, says Captain Bonneville, has given such a quickness of eye to the experienced trapper in all that relates to his pursuit, that he can detect the slightest sign of a beaver, however wild; and although the lodge may be concealed by close thickets and overhanging willows, he can generally at a single glance make an accurate guess at the number of its inmates. He now goes to work to set his trap, planting it upon the shore in some chosen place, two or three inches below the surface of the water, and secures it by a chain to a pole set deep in the mud. A small twig is then stripped of its bark, and one end is dipped in the "medicine," as the trappers term the peculiar bait which they employ. This end of the stick rises about four inches above the surface of the water, the other end is planted between the jaws of the trap. The beaver, possessing an acute sense of smell, is soon attracted by the odor of the bait. As he raises his nose towards it, his foot is caught in the trap. In his fright he throws a somerset into the deep water. The trap, being fastened to the pole, resists all his efforts to drag it to the shore; the chain by which it is fastened defies his teeth; he struggles for a time, and at length sinks to the bottom and is drowned. Occasionally it happens that several members of a beaver family are trapped in succession. The survivors then become extremely shy, and can scarcely be "brought to medicine," to use the trapper's phrase for "taking the bait." In such case, the trapper gives up the use of the bait, and conceals his traps in the usual paths and crossing places of the household. The beaver now being completely "up to trap," approaches them cautiously and springs them ingeniously with a stick. At other times, he turns the traps bottom upwards by the same means, and occasionally even drags them to the barrier and conceals them in the mud. The trapper now gives up the contest of ingenuity, and shouldering his traps marches off, admitting that he is not yet "up to beaver."

Adventures of Capt. Bonneville, by Washington Irving.

"We will put Greene against the world for a neat, pithy, and pointed joke."

Detroit Michigan Post.

Enclosed is a lock of our hair, dear *Michy*.

Boston Post.

SNIPE SHOOTING ON SPESUTIA ISLAND.

Mr. Editor: BALTIMORE, August 17, 1837.

If you know of any sportsmen that wish to prove their bottom and mettle, I can recommended them to Spesutia Island, as most admirably calculated for the purpose in the snipe shooting season, and the sportsman that can hold out his day there in the marshes, will thereby incontestibly prove that he has both bottom and mettle, and may safely be put down as an adept in the 'science.' But to the rickety or indolent sportsman, I would give them the son of Sirach's advice, 'not to try the things that are too hard for them, or that which is above their strength,' for to the latter the shooting there would prove a blank, from the fatigue of getting through deep marshes. Yet on the 29th of March last, I went up to the above island, and fortunately had for my company four good sportsmen, viz., Major Wm. P., Mr. Thomas J., Mr. Henry H., and Mr. H. of Boston, men not to be foiled by marshes, wind, or weather. Snipe was found scarce on the island, no doubt owing to a few days cold weather previous to our going up. We got there thirty-five snipe, and on our return at Bush, we got seventeen more—total fifty-two. Mr. J. is the soul of good fellows and a most excellent caterer; when he is along you never need fear of being entertained at any point near zero. The gun that he used upon this excursion (I believe he has a dozen of them) I do not consider a fair one for small game, being nearly an inch calibre, and sufficiently large for spring ducks. Sportsmen who use such large guns ought to be indicted by the 'adepts' in the science, as murderers of the feathered tribe. A five-eight calibre or thereabouts, with a 28 or 30, or 32-inch barrel is the only gun that should be used upon small game, but the latter, it is true, will not, like the former, sprinkle her shot over half an acre of ground at a single discharge, and thereby supersede the necessity of all science. I believe it is technically called by fox-hunters 'skirting,' when a dog cuts loose from the pack and takes improper advantages, which vicious practice is immediately checked by the huntsman. And I think the practice of using duck guns in disguise, or razed, for small game, is quite as odious as 'skirting,' and should be put down. 'Helvetius' says that ambition begets genius, and a desire of becoming illustrious creates talents; and in the field, Mr. J. possessing these requisites in a very great degree, I predict that he will make a first-rate shot, from his zeal and perseverance. Being young in the science, he at times as it were involuntarily casts his eyes towards the robins, which are always to be met with in the snipe-shooting season, as much as to say—'I would not mind having a few of you in my bag, d—n you;' but they never should be shot in company with snipe—in the same bag, they are like vermin on a lion's crest and should be shook out. Mr. J. has lately purchased one of Manton & Son's highest finished guns, and from appearance, I would say equal if not superior to any gun in the state, as to size and appearance every thing a sportsman could desire for small game.—Cost $350 with an extra pair of barrels.

Mr. Henry H. is persevering and industrious, and like Mr. J. knows well how to provide for a sporting journey. The abjuration of a good ham will never make any part of his religion; he is excellent company by a good fire after a hard day's shooting, no breech of his baptismal vow. He is fond of the field sports, and if he continues so, will soon rival the best shots. I saw him bring down his bird in fine style; but hallowed to his companion Mr. H. of Boston, with most stentorian voice, to run up, swearing at the same time that he had only cut it down. I was at the moment somewhat at a loss for his meaning—but found he was under the fear, that his shot was not of that decisive or fatal kind 'as mercy when it goes to kill;' and in that case he wanted Mr. H. to make sure of it, but there was no necessity for a second shot. Mr. H. of Boston carried his gun with that ease and confidence which marks the experienced sportsman and every movement indicated his confidence in the science. He brought down his birds in fine style, without any fastidious pride or apprehensive delicacy of soiled clothes or muskrat holes; though on one occasion in the course of the day's shooting, I thought him somewhat at fault, it was when he had brought down a snipe, it fell in the marsh covered with water by the high tide, and when he had approached within a few yards of it, he sunk up to his knees, which brought him to a halt, and looking wistfully at his bird, observed that he would give it to me if I would go and get it; which was rather unsportsmanlike, to suppose the value of a bird would tempt me to do that which exclusively was incumbent on him to perform; he, however, braced up his nerves and muscles and secured his bird. My friend and companion, Major W. P. of some years intimacy together in the fields, is always at home when there, being long tried and approved of by all good sportsmen. J.

N.B. What I call small game is snipe, woodcock, partridges, rail, and ortling.

Am. Turf Register.

THE CENTRAL COURSE RACES.—We are advised by a friend, who has recently been out to the Central Course, that the track is in most beautiful order, and that Col. SELDEN, the proprietor, has the assurance of a larger attendance of horses from the North and South than was ever congregated at any previous meeting on the course. Col. JOHNSON will be on with the whole strength of his stable, now thought to be stronger than ever, and some say invincible. *Mary Blunt* is said to be in tip top condition, and should she meet *Mingo* at the Central, will snatch from him the laurels he won from her last Spring at Long Island. There is a report in town that Col. J. has refused $3000 for her. *Lady Cliffden*—whom all Marylanders are bound to regard with favor—is in fine health, and, Arthur Taylor says, stronger and fleeter than ever.—She will terrify Mingo yet. *Boston* has recovered from his lameness, and there are a few *very* knowing ones who hint he will give trouble whenever he strips for a fight. *Atalanta* has got rid of all surplus fat—has had more than a pound of flesh taken from her, and will take a foremost rank among the winners. With four such horses, Col. J. is of course more than "thrice armed," and, having his quarrel just, must win "against the world."

A number of other Virginia stables will be on, and if the turfites of the North can bring their courage to the "sticking point," and bring on their stables, there will be terrible work at the Central on the second week of next month.

Baltimore Chronicle.

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, L. I.

THE FIRST FALL MEETING will commence over this Course on the 3d Tuesday, the 17th of October, and continue three days.

First Day, a purse of $200, two miles heats, under the saddle, free for all Trotting Horses. Immediately after a purse of $100, two mile heats, in harness, free for all Trotting Horses that never won a purse over fifty dollars.

Second Day, a purse of $100, two mile heats, under the saddle, free for all trotting horses that never trotted for money. Immediately after a purse of $100, two mile heats, in harness, free for all trotting horses that never trotted for money.

Third Day, a purse of $200, two mile heats, in harness, free for all trotting horses. Immediately after a purse of $50, mile heats, best three in five, free for all trotting horses; ten dollars, each, entrance; to be added to this purse.

Centreville, L. I., September 7, 1837. JOEL CONKLIN, *Proprietor.*

TROTTING SWEEPSTAKES, Near Trenton, N.J.

A SWEEPSTAKE for 4 yr. old colts, that never won, will be open until the 18th instant. Subscription $50 each, h.f., and fifty dollars added, mile heats, under the saddle; three or more to make a race. Entries to be made with either of the Subscribers on or before Monday, 18th September. The trot to come off on Wednesday, 20th inst.

Same Day—A Purse of $50, 2 mile heats, under the saddle, free for any thing.

A Match Race will come off at the same time between Mr. Tom's c. colt, by Pelham, 3 yr old, and Mr. Hitchcock's b. f. by Pelham, for $100 a side.

Trenton, 7th Sept. 1837. J. DAVISON, O. BAILEY.

NEWBERRY C. H. (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

WILL commence on this course, on Monday, the 25th Dec. next, with a Sweepstakes, Two mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft., for 3 yr. old colts and fillies. Closed with 5 subs.

James M. Henderson. | Major J. M. Starke.
W. R. Smith. | Simeon Fair, Esq.
Major Wm. Eadins.

Tuesday—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats.
Wednesday—J. C. Purse, Mile heats.
Thursday—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats.
Friday—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

And on Wednesday, immediately after the regular race is over, a Sweepstakes will be run, Mile heats, sub. $100, h. ft., for 2 yr. old colts and fillies. Closed with 7 subs.

Major J. D. Williams, | Major J. M. Starke,
William Noland, | Major J. D. Williams,
M. R Smith, | Capt. A. Griffin.
Simeon Fair, Esq.

There is also two other Sweepstakes, still open, to come off Fall meeting, 1838, to both of which, however, there is a sufficient number of subs. to ensure a race.

[82] R. STEWART, *Sec'y & Treas'r.*

CULPEPER C. H. (Va.) FALL RACES

WILL commence on the 3d Tuesday in Sept. and continue 4 days. Besides the usual Jockey Club and Proprietor's purses (three in number), the following stakes are open and will be run for, viz.:

Two Stakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $100 in each, h. ft. One for Two miles and repeat (now 5 subs.) the other One mile and repeat (now 4 subs.)

3d. A Stake free for all ages, One mile and repeat; sub. $100, h. ft.; 5 yr. olds and upwards, to carry 100lbs.—4, 90lbs.—3 and under, catches. 3 or more to make a race. Two have named, and it is expected 5 or 6 will enter. This race will be run the 1st day, so as to afford an opportunity for the horses in it to run the last day for the Proprietor's purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

4th. A Stake for 4 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $50, ft. $30, One mile and repeat. Three or more to make a race.

5th. A Stake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $50, ft. $30, One mile and repeat; 3 or more to make a race.

The two last Stakes are confined to colts raised in Culpeper, or some adjoining county, or county next to an adjoining county. These Stakes all close on the 1st Sept. The Haymarket races, half way to Washington City, following on the succeeding Tuesday, and then Washington City races the following week. All convenient.

Culpeper C. H., Va., August, 1837. [At19-4t.] THE PROPRIETOR.

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE RACES over the BASCOMBE COURSE will come off on the 21st of November next, and continue five days. First day, a Post Sweepstakes, for colts and fillies, three years old, spring 1837, two mile heats, $500 entrance, $300 forfeit, to close 1st September next—four entries.

Second day,	Jockey Club Purse,	$500,	Two Mile Heats.
Third day,	do	do	700, Three Mile Heats.
Fourth day,	do	do	1000, Four Mile Heats.
Fifth day,	do	do	300, Best 3 in 5.

All entries for the Sweepstakes to be addressed to the Secretary, enclosing note for forfeit, payable 1st November next. The money for each day's Purse hung up without discount. Entrance, five per cent. on the amount of purses. Stables and litter furnished by the proprietor gratis. EDW'D B. GALE Secretary.

☞ The Races at Huntsville, Columbus, Miss., and Greensboro, Ala., will be so arranged as to give time coming in that direction time to get to Mobile and New Orleans for the Races. sr9

SWEEPSTAKES,
Over the Pharsalia Course, near Natchez, Miss.

NO. 1. Mile heats, subscription $100, forfeit $50. The second Saturday in November, 1837.

1. W. J. Minor names s. f. by Longwaist, out of Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.
2. " " " gr. f. Gulia Grisi, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
3. W. H. Chambers names b. f. by Red Rover—Mary Mead, by Palafox.
4. P. Hoggatt names gr. g. by Longwaist—Piano, by Pacolet.
5. O. F. Hornsby names b. g. by Red Rover—Fennella, by Whip.
6. F. L. Claiborne names f. by Red Rover—Wild Gazelle, by Sir William.
7. Isaac Elmine names gr. f. by Longwaist—Minerva, by Mercury.
8. W. S. Smith names s. f. by Longwaist—Flight, by Virginian.
9. Osmun Claiborne names s. f. by Longwaist—Old Dido. [Closed.]

No. 2. For 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250—Tuesday of the week previous to the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club in 1838.

1. Thos. J. Wells names Longitude, by Leviathan, out of Harriet, by Sir Archie.
2. " " " Jane Elliot, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names br. c. Doncaster (imp.) by Longwaist—Lady Ern, by Muley.
4. " " " br. f. Britannia (imp.), by Muley—Nancy, Longwaist's dam.
5. A. L. Bingaman names s. c. Tishiuingo, by Leviathan—Lilac's dam, by Sir Archie.
6. E. Elliot & Co. name b. f. Catherine, by Leviathan—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
7. J. Duncan & J. W. Withers name ch. f. Own Sister to Linnet. [Closed.]

No. 3. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $200, ft. $100. Second Saturday in Nov. 1838.

1. F. L. Claiborne names s. c. Red Jacket, by Rattler—Wild Gazelle, by Sir William.
2. A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Pacific—Miss Bailey—Imp. Boaster.
3. W. J. Minor names s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
4. " " " s. c. Native, by the Saddler—Imp. Novelty, by Blacklock.
5. A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Bertrand—Sister to Remus, by Pacolet.
6. F. L. Claiborne names b. f. Seminola, by Tranby—Medley Mare.
7. A. L. Bingaman names gr. f. by O'Kelly—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
8. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.—[Closed.]

No. 4. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250. Second Saturday in Dec. 1838.

1. J. B. Pryor names produce of Tochechana and Leviathan.
2. W. J. Minor names s. c. Native, produce of Novelty and The Saddler.
3. " " " b. c. Glenaara, produce of Nell Gwynn and Rowton.
4. S. D. Elliot names produce of Miss Bailey and Pacific.
5. F. L. Claiborne names produce of Medley Mare and Tranby.
6. A. L. Bingaman names produce of Chuckaluck and Bertrand.
7. W. H. Chambers names produce of Kate Plowden and Bertrand.
8. M. E. Boyles names produce of Ad. Jackson's dam and Luzborough.
9. " " " produce of Jenny Deavers and Luzborough. [Closed.]

No. 5. Mile heats, sub. $1000, ft. $250. Monday preceding the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club, 1839.

1. A. L. Bingaman names f. foal, by Bertrand—Madge Wild Fire.
2. O. Claiborne " " " " " Lisbon Maid.
3. L. Cock " " " " " Sally Sailor.

Dec. 5th, 1836. [Closed.]

No. 6. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $500, ft. $200. Second Tuesday in Nov. 1839.

1. W. J. Minor names gr. c. Garrick, by Longwaist—Jane Grey.
2. A. L. Bingaman names br. c. by Leviathan—Chuckforhila, by Bertrand.
3. " " " b. f. Nehusta, by Leviathan—Own Sister to Betsey Malone.
4. Osmun Claiborne names b. c. by Leviathan—Energy, by Stockholder.
5. " " " gr. c. by Leviathan—Primrose, by Sir Henry Tonson.
6. W. J. Minor names ———

To close on the 1st of May, 1838. Gentlemen wishing to enter in this stake will please enclose their nominations (post paid) to John Routh, Esq. Natchez.

No. 7. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100. First Saturday in Nov. 1838.

1. R. C. Evans names s. f. by Longwaist—Phœbe, by Bertrand.
2. A. L. Bingaman names g. c. by Medley—Fortuna, by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.
4. " " " s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.

Closes on the 1st of Jan. 1838. Nominations directed as above. N. B. This Stake is free only for colts and fillies got by stallions that stood in Mississippi or Louisiana.

Pharsalia Course, Natchez, Miss., July 5, 1837.—[Ju22] A. G. McNULTY, *Proprietor.*

SWEEPSTAKES, LAFAYETTE COURSE, AUGUSTA, Ga.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for 1839, sub. $500, h. ft. Two mile heats. To name and close before the first day of October, 1837, to which there are six subscribers, 3 or more to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton. | Robert D. Glover.
Col. Joseph H. Townes. | G. Edmonson
Col. John Crowell. | John Morrison.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for December, 1840. Entrance $1000, ft. $250. Two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close at our next December meeting. Now three subscribers, viz.:—

Augustus H. Kenan | Col. W. Hampton | Griffin Edmonson.

Augusta, Ga., May 18, 1837. [m27] JAMES LAMKIN & Co., Proprietors.

CAMDEN (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

WILL commence, on this course, on the 1st Monday in Nov. next, with a Sweepstakes Mile heats, sub. $100, h. ft., for 3 yr. old colts and fillies. Closed with 6 subs.

1. J. J. Moore, | 4. J. B. Richardson,
2. J. J. Mickle, | 5. W. Hampton,
3. P. McRa, | 6. A. R. Ruffin.

Tuesday.—J. C. Purse, Four mile heats; purse not less than $600.
Wednesday.—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats; purse not less than $500.
Thursday.—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats; purse not less than $350.
Friday.—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5; purse not less than $350.

Camden, S. C. July 18, 1837. [Ju29] J. S. NETTLES, *Sec'y and Treas'r.*

COLUMBIA (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

ANNUAL RACES.—Will come off the Third Tuesday in Nov. 1837.

First day—Four mile heats,
Second day—Three mile heats,
Third day—Two mile heats,
Fourth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5,
} Free for all horses.

On the day previous a Stake for colts and fillies, 3 yrs. old; 14 subs.; $200 ent., h. ft.; Two mile heats. Closed.

Col. W. Hampton names produce of Pocahontas and Godolphin.
Col. Spann names produce of Grey Girl and Bertrand, jun.
P. M. Butler names produce of Symmetry and Godolphin.
J. H. Hammond names produce of Arcadian and Eclipse.
J. J. Mickle names produce of Young Grand Duchess and Yeman.
John McLean names produce of Lady Burk and Herr Cline.
W. Thompson names produce of Sally Hopkin and Red-gauntlet.
W. E. Haskell names produce of Amanda and Rob Roy.
P. McRae names produce of a Bedford Mare and Godolphin.
Col. Singleton names produce of Phenomena and Luzborough.
M. R. Smith names produce of Mary Frances and Bertrand
Col. W. C. Beatty names produce of Stockholder Mare and Eclipse.
F. J. Henderson names produce of Pacolet Mare and Bertrand.
Col. J. J. Mickle names produce of Virginia Mare and Yeman.

On the Monday following the annual races, the Hampton Plate will be run for according to the following Resolution of the Club.

Resolved, That the entrance for the Hampton Plate shall be equal to the value of the Plate—shall be reinstated in Plate of the same value and description, to be run for annually the day after the regular races—distance, Two mile heats. Free for all horses carrying their appropriate weights. [82-4t] G. STALKER, *Sec'y and Treas'r.*

NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

FALL OF 1837, over the Washington Course, District of Columbia, will commence on Tuesday, the 3d of October, and continue four days.

FIRST DAY'S RACE.

A Sweepstake, two miles heat, entrance $300, forfeit $75, with colts and fillies 3 years old in the spring of 1837.

1. Gen. George Gibson names b. f. by Oscar, Jr.
2. Major T. P. Andrews names b. c. by Marylander.
3. T. R. S. Boyce names b. f. by imported Apparition.
4. James B. Kendall names br. c. Henry A Wise, by Dashail.
5. Bay colt by Andrew.

Second Race, same day.

A Sweepstake, two mile heats, entrance $300, forfeit $100, with colts and fillies 3 years old spring of 1837.

1. George Semmes names c. c. Tom Walker, by Marylander.
2. William H. Williams names c. f. by Eclipse.
3. C. A. Grant names c. c. by Marylander.

SECOND DAY'S RACE.

A splendid Tea Service, cost $200, two mile heats, entrance money depending on the number of subscribers; the winner to take the plate or $500, at his option.

Second Race, same day.

A Sweepstake, $300 entrance, $100 forfeit, nine subscribers, and closed, two mile heats with colts and fillies 3 years old spring 1837.

No. 1. Col. Francis Thompson.	No. 6. William H. Minge.
2. Wm. H. E. Merritt, Esq.	7. Col. Daniel Jenifer.
3. Captain John Heth.	8. Col. William Wynn.
4. Col. James M. Selden.	9. Mr. Saffer.
5. William Williamson, Esq.	

THIRD DAY'S RACE.

Proprietors' purse, $500, three mile heats, entrance $20.

FOURTH DAY'S RACE.

National Jockey Club purse, $1,000, four mile heats, entrance $30.

The above Purses are free for any horse, mare, or gelding, in the United States.

JAMES S. GARRISON, Proprietor.

From the number of fine horses now in training in New York, New Jersey, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia and North Carolina, the proprietor hopes to have them all: he promises a hearty welcome and a fair field. He has given the fixtures of the Course a thorough repair, altered the Pavilion, enclosed the Course, erected new picketing, and, for the protection of the horses that may visit the Course, he promises them dry lodgings.

The stables have been also fitted up, and new ones built on the Course to accommodate about 100 race horses. Straw and stables gratis. sr9

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting of 1838, out of mares that never won a race, nor produced a winner; Mile heats; ent. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 6 subs., and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for "Honest Countrymen," who are "kept out of play" generally, by the "high trump."

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring, 1838; Mile heats. Ent. $200, h. ft. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839, Mile heats; ent. $1000, ft. $200; 4 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1838. Now one sub.

A Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st Jan., 1838. Now 7 subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting, 1840, Mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Now 2 subs. [Ju29] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor.*

MEDLEY COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Medley, of first rate pedigree, fine form and size, and now two years old. For terms apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [m27]

DUBUFE'S PAINTINGS.

NOW OPEN FOR EXHIBITION, at the Stuyvesant Institute, Broadway, opposite Bond street, two magnificent Paintings, (just arrived from Paris) by the celebrated *Dubufe*, the painter of the much admired pictures of *Adam and Eve*, and a distinguished pupil of *David*, whose modern style bids fair to rival the renowned ancient Artists. To the admirers of the Fine Arts, these paintings offer a treat not surpassed by any thing which has before been exhibited in this country.

One of the paintings, covering 175 feet of canvass, represents a thrilling scene, from Byron's Don Juan, (4th Canto 37th Stanza,) between JUAN, HAIDEE and LAMBRO; and the various passions with which they are agitated, allowing full scope to the pencil of a Master, are most vividly depicted.

The other of smaller dimensions, although nearly as large as life refresents St. JOHN IN THE WILDERNESS sipping the pure stream gushing from a rock, is in the true style of DAVID, and a most finished painting.

Hours of exhibition from 9 in the morning untill 10 at night. Admittance 25 cents. Season Tickets 50 cents.

*** Omnibusses will run to and from the place of exhibition during the day and evening.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

CAPTAIN STOCKTON, of the U.S. Navy, having determined to retire from the Turf, offers for sale his entire Stock of Thorough Bred Horses.

Stallions.

No. 1.—The imported horse TAUSTER, foaled in 1829, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker full brother to Mundig, the winner of the Derby in 1835, and was a capital race horse himself; See English Racing Calendar. [*SOLD.*]

No. 2.—POWHATTAN, grey horse, 16 hands high, foaled in 1830, by Monsieur Tonson, out of the celebrated four mile mare, Iris, by Archy. He was a horse of great promise as a racer. He won mile heats and 3 mile heats from good fields, and broke down in running 4 mile heats against Post Boy and Henry Archy.

No. 3.—DASHALL, br. h. foaled in 1825, 16 hands high, by Archy, out of Meg Dodds, full sister to Miss Mattie, and Isabella—his dam now owned by Mr. R. L. Stevens, of New York. He was a capital racer himself, and his colts are amongst the most promising in New Jersey.

Horses in Training.

No. 4.—MIDDLESEX, ch. h., 16 hands high, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, by Alfred—her dam Virgo, by Imp. Sir Peter Teazle, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy. There are very few horses in the United States that rank higher for speed or beauty than Middlesex.

No. 5.—BERGEN, gr. c. foaled in 1833, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace. This is a horse of good speed and bottom. For the pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 6.—Imported b. h. LANGFORD, by Starch, out of Peri, the dam of Hercules, purchased by J. P. Corbin, Esq. from the King's Stud at Hampton Court—foaled in 1833. He was the winner of the great Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, over the National Course, Spring of 1836.

No. 7.—Imported b. h. JOHN BULL, foaled 1833, by Chateau Margaux, dam by Woful—grandam Beningbrough, g. g. dam Highflyer—See English Stud Book. This horse has never been started, but is a colt of great promise.

No. 8.—Ch. c. SOMERSET, foaled 1834, by Sir Charles, out of the dam of Middlesex.

No. 9.—B. f. MARGARET, foaled 1834, by Dashall, out of Young Nettletop, the dam of Monmouth. For pedigree of Young Nettletop see No. 18.

Colts and Fillies.

No. 10.—Ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Charlotte Pace, foaled 1835. For pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 11.—Bay f. by Eclipse, dam Miss Mattie, foaled 1835—for pedigree of Miss Mattie see No. 19.

No. 12.—Chesnut colt by Monmouth Eclipse, out of the dam of Middlesex, foaled 1835.

No. 13—Chesnut filly by Powhattan, out of Blanche, foaled 1835—see No. 20.

No. 14—Chesnut colt by Shark, out of Miss Mattie, foaled 1836—see No. 19.

Brood Mares.

No. 15—Bay mare CHARLOTTE PACE, by Archy, her dam by the Imp. horse Restless, out of Green's celebrated Celer mare by Janus—stinted to Trustee.

No. 16—Chesnut mare POWANCEY, by Alfred, out of Virgo, by Sir Peter Teazle, imported, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy—stinted to Trustee.

No. 17—Gray mare BIANCA, foaled 1830, by Medley, out of Powancey—stinted to Trustee.

No. 18—Chesnut mare YOUNG NETTLETOP, by Marshal Duroc, out of Old Nettletop, by Diomed—Imp. horse Old Sharke—Lindsay's Arabian—Lee's Old Mark Anthony—Imp. horse Silver Eye—Imp. horse Crawford—Imp. horse Old Janus—Imp. Mare—See Am. Stud Book, page 361. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 19—Bay mare MISS MATTIE, by Archy, out of Black Ghost—Miss Mattie is own sister to Wynn's celebrated mare Isabella, the dam of Drone and Martha Washington—See Am. Stud Book, vol. I, page 267. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 20—Chesnut mare BLANCHE, foaled 1821, by Marshal Duroc, dam Cornet, by Expedition, grandam Cleopatra, by Imp. Slender, g. g. dam Semiramis, by Messenger, g. g. g. dam the Bashaw mare. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 21—Imported bay mare LADY MOSTYN, foaled 1831; got by Teniers, out of Invalid, by Whisker; grandam Helen, by Hambletonian, g. g. dam Susan, out of Drowsy, by Drone; Mr. Goodrich's Old England mare, &c. See English Stud Book and Weatherby's Racing Calendar. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 22—Gray mare HELEN, foaled 1830; by Lance, dam by Oscar—Expedition, by Imp. Highlander—Fair American, by Lloyd's Traveller—Miss Slamerkin, by Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub mare, by Cub. Stinted to Trustee.

These horses have been selected from the most fashionable Stock in the United States and in England, without regard to cost. They are estimated to be worth over 40,000 dollars, but will be sold together for $30,000, or one or more at a low valuation.

SWEEPSTAKES, HAMPTON COURSE, GEORGIA.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at their regular annual meetings.

In all cases where there is a privilege of declaring off, the lesser forfeit must be paid to the Treasurer of the Club as much as two weeks previous to the race, or the party entering will be bound for the larger forfeit. The Club will appoint the day of running. When there are more than one Sweepstakes to be run at the same meeting, there shall be two days intervene, in order to enable gentlemen to run the same colt in both Stakes. The shorter race shall come off first. The death of the colt, or the demise of its owner, cancels the entry. An entry may be changed before the day of closing, and all entries must be made before that day. An entry mailed within that time, with the Postmaster's stamp or certificate, shall be deemed valid.

NOW OPEN.

Sweepstakes for 1839-40.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John P. C. Whitehead names ch. f. Andrew Anna, by Andrew, dam by Sir Walter.
2. John G. Winter names b. c. Billy Harris, by Tonson, dam by Ariel.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

Sweepstakes for 1840-41.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close *before* 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $500, ft. 250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard enters produce of Empress, by Henry—colt by Rowton.

For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100, four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton enters produce of Emmy, imp., by Magistrate—colt by Rowton.

Sweepstakes for 1841-42.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; to name and close before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. Ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Bay Maria, by Eclipse—Colt by Rowton.
2. " " " Augusta, by Crusader—Colt by Rowton.

Stallion Stakes, Foals of 1838.

Entrance $1000, ft. $500, declaration $250. To name and close on or before 1st April, 1837 To come off 1841. Three or more entries to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names the get of Rowton. [A1]

SWEEPSTAKES—OXFORD (N. C.) COURSE—FALL, 1837.

A SWEEPSTAKES for colts and fillies, 3 yrs. old, Fall meeting, 1837, Mile heats; ent. $100, h. ft. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 15th Sept. 1837.

2d. A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies that never won a race, ent. $50, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close as above. Three or more to make a race.

Both the above Stakes are expected to be quite full. Address the PROPRIETOR.

FINE BROOD MARE FOR SALE,

BY ECLIPSE, out of *Sally Slouch*, by Virginian, 6 years old this Spring. She has fine size and action, and is remarkably handsome. Coming of the good old fashioned stout and lasting sort, with a pedigree second to none, a more desirable mare for the breeding stud is rarely to be purchased except at an enormous price. She will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately, and may be seen within a few hours' ride of this city. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A26]

COLT FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a 3 year old colt, of a rich brown color, fifteen and a half hands high, full, and very handsome. He was got by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Grand Duchess, the dam of Bustris. C. IRVINE.

Philadelphia, July 22, 1837. [Ju29]

FISHING TACKLE.

ANGLERS will find a good assortment of articles in this line, at J. CONROY'S Fishing Tackle Store, 54 Fulton, corner of Cliff-street. Rods and reels repaired. [Jul.]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 36 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama; Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

RIFLE TACTICS.

THIS is the title of a book recently published in this city, 72 pages, 18vo. The work is well calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended, and every man belonging to a rifle corps should be possessed of one. Price by the dozen 31½ cents, and can be had at this office, 157 Broadway. [m13]

DOCTOR CALDWELL

HAS REMOVED from Franklin, to 58 Walker-street, the residence of the late Dr. Bushe, where he will continue his practice as an operative Surgeon and Accoucheur. [J10]

LOUISVILLE HOTEL,

[mh18 6m.] LOUISVILLE, Ky. By S. HASKELL.

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

R. RUSSELL, the Manager of the New Orleans, Natchez, and the Louisville Theatres, can be seen between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock of each day, at No. 9 Chatham-st. up-stairs, opposite the Park. In the absence of the subscriber, Mr. Thomas C. Graham, Treasurer of the above establishments, will be in attendance, to transact all business, &c.

None need apply but individuals of acknowledged talent.

jy22 RICHARD RUSSELL.

STEAMBOAT CHAMPION.

THE Steamboat Champion having been thoroughly repaired and newly fitted up, will resume her regular trips between Mobile and Pensacola, on Sunday, the 2d inst. and will leave here every other day thereafter, at eight o'clock in the morning, precisely. This steamboat is now in first rate order, and is connected with the Florida Line to Augusta, Georgia, &c. &c. Passengers in going this route, will find it one of the safest and best in the Southern country. Fare from Mobile to Pensacola, $6. E. MURRAY, Master.

N. B. Parties wishing to charter the Champion for trips of pleasure down the Bay, can do so by giving a day or two's notice. [Ju17] Mobile Ala., June 1, 1837.

TO THE FASHIONABLE AND SPORTING WORLD.

FOR DYING THE HAIR, from Grey or Red to a beautiful Black or Brown.—*Mohammed's Turkish Dye* is universally admitted to be the best article ever sent before the public. It is daily superseding every other preparation for the purpose, which is mostly composed of deleterious materials, and must eventually give way entirely to the Turkish Dye. Its operation is almost magical, being applied to the head at night before going to bed; on rising in the morning the transformation is complete. The skin meantime suffers no change, either from discolorment, eruption, roughness, or other cause—its use being attended with no inconvenience or ill consequences whatever.

Price $2. Sold wholesale and retail, by

[At12] H. C. HART, 173 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt-St.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - - Lafayette Co., Match, $5000 a-side, *Gerow* vs. *Charlotte Barnes*, Dec. 4.
" " Jockey Club, Lafayette Course, Annual meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
BALTIMORE, Md. - - - Central Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Oct.
BEANS STATION, Tenn. Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 11th Oct.
CAMDEN, S. C. - - - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Monday in Nov.
CENTREVILLE, L. I. - *Trotting Course*, First Fall J. C. meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Oct.
CLARKSVILLE, Va. - - Buffalo Course, Mecklenburg Co., Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th Oct.
CHILLICOTHE, Ohio - - Association annual Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Oct.
COLUMBUS, Miss. - - Hyde Park Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Monday, 16th Oct.
COLUMBIA, S. C. - - - Annual Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 21st Nov.
CYNTHIANA, Ky. - - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 11th Oct.
DOVER, Ky. - - - - - - Webster Course, annual Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 11th Oct.
DUKE PRAIRIE, Mo. - Match, $1000 a-side, — m. h., *Quartermaster*, vs. *Mordecai*, 27th Oct.
ELKHORN, Ky. - - - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Wednesday, 1st Nov.
FALMOUTH, Ky. - - - Annual Fall meeting, 3d Thursday, 19th Oct.
FARMER'S COURSE, Va {County or town not sent to us} Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 11th Oct.
FARMINGTON, Mo. - - Match, $1000 aside, 2 m. h., *Shakspeare, Jr.*, vs. *Tom Fletcher*, Oct. 19.
FAIRFIELD, Va. - - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th Oct.
FORT SMITH, Ark. - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 18th Oct.
FREDERICKSBURGH, Va. Mulberry Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th Oct.
GREENSBORO', Ala. - - Henry Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 5th Tuesday, 31st Oct.
" " Old Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th Nov.
GREENSBURGH, Ky. - Jockey Club Fall meeting 2d Tuesday, 10th Oct.
" " - Match, 2 m. h., $1000 a-side, *Ben Duncan* vs. *Robt. Burns*, 12th Oct.
" " - Match, $300 a-side, 2 mile heats, *Waxetta* vs. *Pilgrim*, 11th Oct.
HUNTSVILLE, Ala. - - North Alabama Association Fall meeting, last Monday, 30th Oct.
JACKSONVILLE, Ill. - - Union Race Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Wednesday, 25th Oct.
KENDALL Co., Md. - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th Oct.
" " Match, $1000 a-side, 4 m. h., *Blue Ruin*, vs b. h. by Logan, 11th Oct.
KEXINGTON, Ky. - - - Association annual Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Oct.
" " Match, $1000 a-side, —— heats, J. Lyndsay's b. f. by Bertrand and Potomac, vs. T. Barker's b. f. by Bertrand and Orphan, 17th Oct.
LOGAN, Ky. - - - - - Near Russellville, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 11th Oct.
LITTLE ROCK, Arks. - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 8th Nov.
LEWISVILLE, Ohia. - Coshocton County, Fall meeting, 3d Thursday, 19th Oct.
MAURY Co., Tenn. - - Jockey Club annual Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Oct.
MEMPHIS, Tenn. - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Monday, 6th Nov.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - - Bascombe Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting 3d Tuesday, 21st Nov.
MECKLENBURG, Va. - Buffalo Course, Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th Oct.
MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga. Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Nov.
NEWBERRY C.H., S.C. Jockey Club Fall meeting, last Monday, 25th Dec.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. - Match, — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn.
vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - - Match, 2 m h., for 500 Bales Cotton, *Angora* vs. *Rudolph*, 17th May, 1838.
NEW YORK CITY. - - Union Course, L. I., Second Fall meeting, last Tuesday, 31st Oct.
" " " Match, $5000 a side, Mile heats, *Henry A. Wise* vs. *Gift*, 2d Fall meeting.
" " " Match, $3000 a-side, 2 m. h. *Br. to Post Boy*, vs. *Br. to Coronet*, sametime
NEW ORLEANS, La. - Jockey Club Fall meeting, Eclipse Course, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
OPELOUSAS, La. - - - - Jockey Club annual Fall meeting, 1st Thursday, 2d Nov.
OXFORD, N. C. - - - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Oct.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa. - Camden Co., N. J.—Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, Oct. 24.
" " " Match, Four mile heats, $10,000 a-side, $3,000 ft., *Charlotte Russe*, of S. C., vs. *Lady Cliffden*, of Md., during this meeting.
ROCKY MOUNT, Va - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Oct.
ST. LOUIS, Mo. - - - Old Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Monday, 9th Oct.
" " Sulphur Springs Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, Oct. 17.
ST. STEPHENS, S. C. - - Jockey Club annual Fall meeting, last Wednesday, 25th Oct.
TAPPAHANNOCK, Va. Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Oct.
TERRE HAUTE, Ind. - - Turf Club 1st annual meeting, Central Course, 2d Wedn'y. 11th Oct.
TRENTON, N. J. - - - Eagle Course, Single Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th Nov.
UNIONVILLE, S. C. - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Wednesday, 1st Nov.
VICKSBURG, Miss. - - Match, —— heats, $4000 a-side, on Tuesday previous to Fall meeting of 1837, *Miss Lindsay* vs. Col. Bingaman's f. by Leviathan & Bertrand.
" " Match, $5000 aside, 1 mile out, *D. Hardeman*, vs. *Bob Collins*, 30th Nov.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country May have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and othe MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

NEW YORK POLICE.

HOUSE OF ASSIGNATION—*Unexpected Meetings.*—Some of the city officers, and Justice Palmer of the Upper Police had quite an adventure on Friday night, by the way of relief to the monotony of administering morning bitters to night trapped loafers, and committing small rogues to Bridewell. It seems there has for some time been a house of assignation in Forsyth near Grand, which the neighborhood had endured till proof sufficient to sustain a complaint had accumulated, and then entered a complaint at the Upper Police. Two noble dames superintended the domestic economy of the establishment, one of whom was a silent, the other an active partner. The silent partner furnished the house, and commenced the business, but becoming disheartened, whether on account of the specie circular or not, is not stated, transferred the fixtures, business and goodwill of the establishment to the active partner or sub—preserving still a matronly interest in the concern. Against these two was the warrant directed, and the twain were committed, but the junior partner found bail. The first use she made of her liberty was to re-assume the duties of hostess under a new administration—that of certain officers of the police. In the prevailing rage for associations, they formed a joint stock company, for the management of the house, "for this night only," as the play-bills have it; but their way of doing business was not in accordance with any precedent in the annals of No. —, Forsyth-street.

Along came the patrons of the establishment, and the lady porter obligingly admitted them. *Facilis descensus averni*—it is easy to descend into—Tophet, as Virgil says; but the same author remarks, in the same connexion, that it is no fool of a job to get out after you have once crossed the threshold—and no fool of a job the caged turtles found it. Like the Lion's cave, ingress was easy enough, but those lions of the law, would allow no egress. As company was received, the ushers of the constables staff shewed the gentlemen and ladies into the room, till they had bagged some twelve or fifteen couple, to say nothing of the old ones. No school of repentance like that "reception room" presented, was ever exhibited in church or conventicle. Sobs, entreaties, tears, groans, hysterics, oaths, all mingled in chaos. "For heaven's sake, let me go," said one frail one, "I have left a babe in the cradle, and it will cry itself to death!"—"What will my family think has got me?" inquired a *gentleman*—"let me go on their account!" One widow who claims to have three children, was among the lot—several married men and women, and one young lady three months only "pledged to her liege lord," came there with a particular friend of her husband's to wind up the honey moon. The most boisterous in the company was a single gentleman, who danced round like one frantic. What would become of his reputation? his standing—character—wife and babes! At about ten Justice Palmer called and administered a pathetic exhortation to his somewhat anomalous little congregation. He then took their names, residences, &c., and dismissed them singly; cruelly severing fond hearts without scruple. We think they may rest easy now—no further proceedings will probably be had against them, and gentlemen and ladies of their remarkable virtue can have no possible objection to be summoned as witnesses against the two ladies who have been arrested.

The tragedy had a capital little farce by way of afterpiece. After the congregation was dismissed another couple were admitted, and confessed that they had been taken in the early part of the night out of a house in Canal-street by the watch; that they had begged off, and had been released by the captain of the watch, only to be caught a second time the same night. Had the officers used a back room to detain their prisoners in, it is probable more would have been taken, as the wise in the front of the house undoubtedly caused many to turn away who would otherwise have applied for admission.

The Sun, of Monday, October 1.

ANECDOTE.—While our goodly city was in the possession of the during the war of the Revolution, an English officer of rank gave an entertainment, to which several American officers who were prisoners were invited. Among them was a Captain ——, distinguished as a brave officer, but uncouth in his manners, little conversant with the refinement of society, and not much given to any "set phrase of speech." The English officer, who was the host on the festive occasion to which we allude, had two daughters—one of them distinguished for beauty and a great belle; the other was remarkably plain, by reason of a defect in one of her eyes. After the removal of the cloth, many sentiments were drank, and among them several highly complimentary to the beautiful daughter of mine host. Captain ——, with that devotion for the sex which a brave man ever entertains, feeling that the other had been neglected, when called on by the host, gave as a sentiment—"Your daughter, Sir!" "Which one, Sir?" asked the hospitable entertainer. "The *cock-eyed one*, Sir," responded the well meaning but plain spoken Captain. Wilmington Advertiser.

"Well, Snooks, what luck to-day—was the cranberries pretty thick?"

"Yes, I could scramble them up by handfulls."

"Was there any rattlesnakes?"

"Rattlesnakes! yes, about two snakes to a berry."

A clergyman in a farewell sermon, observed that during his residence amongst his parisioners he had preached against every vice but luxurious living, their defect in this particular he had no means of ascertaining.

Will you allow me to enquire vy you make up your bed under that 'ere deal table? asked Sam Weller. "'Cause I was always used to a four-posted afore I came here, and I find the legs of the table answer just as well," replied the cobbler. Pickwick.

A cow on the Baltimore and Philadelphia rail-road put her *car-case* in the way of the cars, and threw them from the track—nobody injured. Such *cowcumbers* are quite common on rail-roads of late.

An Irishman on the tongue of a wagon was run away with by a pair of horses, and had his leg very much bruised by the motion of the swingle-trees. Some person to whom he was relating the accident asked why he didn't jump off? "Faith, sir," answered Pat, "and it was just as much as iver I could do to stay on."

A person who was famous for arriving just at dinner time, upon going to a friend's (where he was a frequent visitor) was asked by the lady of the house if he would *do as they did*. On his replying he should be most happy to have the pleasure, she replied, "*Dine at home then.*" He, of course, received his *quietus* for some time at least.

An officer on a field day happened to be thrown from his horse, and as he lay sprawling on the ground, said to a friend who ran to his assistance. "I thought I had improved in my riding, but I find I have *fallen off*."

CRICKET MATCH.

The return match between Schenectady and Albany came off on Thursday, the 28th ult. It was a well contested game, and towards the close excited great interest. The bowling of Wickins, on the side of Schenectady, as will be seen by the score, did terrible execution in the first innings with the wickets of his opponents; indeed, until Field went in, very few runs were got from his balls.—The result of the first innings placed Albany but 13 ahead of her opponent. Schenectady soon cleared that off, and through some good batting by Jenner, who scored 27 in seven threes, one two and four ones, Dean left Albany 74 to dispose of. So great was the confidence of all in the batting of Wybourn, whose wicket was lowered to three runs in the first innings, and others that the odds were in favor of Albany. Four wickets, however, including Wybourn's, were lowered to thirteen runs in a very short time. This altered the appearance of things, and bets were freely offered upon Schenectady. Four more wickets were lowered in quick succession, leaving the two remaining ones 38 runs to beat their opponents. All chance of success for Albany seemed now to be beyond hope. The steady batting, however, of Knight and Burtenshaw turned the scale, and the odds were once more in favor of Albany. The 38 runs were speedily disposed of, and Albany won the game with two wickets to go down.

The following is the score obtained by both parties:—

1st *Innings.* SCHENECTADY.		2d *Innings.*	
Clout—bowled by Small	2	bowled by Knight	2
Jenner—caught by Small	0	bowled by Knight	27
Ellis—caught by Burtenshaw	8	bowled by Knight	6
Seeley—leg bw.	0	caught by Wybourn	3
Wickins—not out	29	run out	3
Dean—caught by Knight	8	run out	17
Bauldehin—bowled by Small	0	not out	10
Playford—bowled by Small	1	run out	7
Wise—bowled by Sherman	0	bowled by Small	7
Edmunds—run out	0	bowled by Small	0
Gower—bowled by Small	0	bowled by Knight	0
Byes	5	Byes	5
	53		87

1st *Innings.* ALBANY.		2d *Innings.*	
Russell—bowled by Wickins	12	run out	4
Wood—caught by Wickins	2	bowled by Jenner	6
Shearman—bowled by Wickins	7	leg bw	2
Wybourn—bowled by Jenner	3	caught by Jenner	0
Small—bowled by Wickins	3	run out	13
Knight—bowled by Wickins	0	not out	22
Burtenshaw—caught out	1	not out	13
Pellet—bowled by Wickins	0	run out	0
Blackman—run out	8	run out	9
Field—caught by Jenner	16	bowled by Jenner	3
Clifton—not out	2		
Byes	12	Byes	4
Albany Daily Advertiser.	66		76

ENGLISH SINGING.—The general inferiority of English performers to those of some other European countries, may be traced to sources partly physical and partly moral. Whether, for example, we consider the national climate or the national character, we shall equally find an explanation for the inferiority of our vocalists. In a country like Italy, warm and joyous, everything *conspires* to music. It is like a grove in summer; the sun is shining, the leaves are rustling, the air is so pleasant,—the birds *must* sing. The climate of Italy is so genial and sustaining, that no national misfortunes can depress the temper of the people. They are as glad as children, and, like the birds, they *must* sing. No sharp east winds, pregnant with rheumatism and the spleen, come driving into their mouths the moment they have opened them, to nip the song in the bud; but on they sing till their hearts are full, and so with them carolling is both health and happiness. With us, on the contrary, the affair is rather one of pain and duty, and so-much a-night. An Englishman sings *on business*,—an Italian because he can't help it. The former opens his mouth "by particular desire"—the latter by an involuntary jerk. To speak strictly, however, the former *never does* open his mouth, but only holds it a-jar—as if ready to clap it to on the first alarm of a breeze. For, you will observe, an English singer always sings with an eye to a potential tooth-ache, and never opens his mouth unreservedly,—except when he sits down to dinner. There are some I could name, to whom the best thing that could happen would be that which befel the boatswain, described in one of the novels of a popular naval writer. Jack had a hole bored right through his cheek by a bullet, and so his occupation was gone, for a whistle must have but one end to it. But what was Jack's misfortune would be the making of some English vocalists, who would have a passage in that manner opened to their throats which they never could open of themselves. See an Italian pronounce the open A,—you could throw an American apple down his throat without his finding it out; but when an Englishman opens his mouth—as he calls a certain partial separation of the lips—it puts one in mind of nothing so much as a patent ventilator chimney, which is constructed on the joint principle of letting out the smoke without letting in the wind. Musical Library.

COSMOGONICAL SQUINTINGS.

AMERICA.—Money not to be smelt under cent. per cent. General shaving—universal barberism—Lynch law—literal distress—great scarcity of V.'s. X.'s L.'s, and C.'s. No trust but distrust. Great cuttings up, 'cause cot*tings* down. Every bank like the mammoth—the specie's extinct.

MEXICO.—Losing Texas, and gaining taxes. Rows riz. Revolution once a month. Two Presidents, and a thousand Vices. General row, general discontent, General Bustamente.

PGLAND—*past.* Wo-land—*present.* No-land—*future.*

SPAIN.—Within an ace of losing her queen a knave—the king no trump. Civil war, Seville oranges, servile courtiers, save-all ministers, several Dons done to a dungeon for ponning Donna Marir's livery.

ENGLAND.—Nothing moving but stagnation. War with the Church—Radicals running steeple-chases. Dolorous signs from brother Jonathan, and none-dollarous remittances.

RUSSIA.—Rasher and rasher. Czar wants to spar, but not such a calf as to take the Bull by the horns. Can't tell whether an autocrat ought to crow or to cry.

As a specimen of the quizzing common with regard to the Germans, I give an anecdote. At the time when the struggle between Adams and Jackson was very close, a supporter of Mr. Adams complained to Mr. W. that it was provoking that somebody had persuaded the Germans in Pennsylvania that Mr. Adams had married a daughter of George III, a report which wohld cost him all their votes. Mr. W. asked why do you not contradict it? "Oh," replied his friend, "you know nothing of these people. They will believe everything, and unbelieve nothing. No; instead of contradicting the report, we must allow that Adams married a daughter of George III., but add that Jackson married two."

Aristotle on being censured for bestowing alms on a bad man, made the following noble reply:—"I did not give it to the man—I gave it to humanity."

IMPORTED MARE WOODBINE

FOR SALE—The Imp. mare *Woodbine* will be sold at public auction on the Four mile day of the 2d Fall meeting, Union Course, at John R. Snediker's Hotel, at 12 o'clock, with her yearling colt and one at foot, both by Imp. *Barefoot*. Woodbine was stinted this season to Imp. *Trustee*. She is a brown, about 9 years old, and was imported by Mr. Head in 1833. Her pedigree will be furnished at the sale. [o7]

IMPORTANT SALE OF BLOOD STOCK.

THE Subscribers will sell at public auction on the Four mile day of the 2d Fall meeting of the N. Y. Jockey Club Union Course, L. I., a number of valuable thorough-bred horses, at John R. Snediker's Hotel, at 10 o'clock, particulars of which will hereafter be given. [o7] JOHN W. WATSON & Co., Tattersalls, Broadway.

SITUATION WANTED.

AN ENGLISH GROOM that can adduce the best references for his probity and faithfulness, is desirous of procuring a situation as assistant in a training stable, or in a gentleman's family. He is acquainted with the management of horses, and will make himself generally useful. Notes addressed to "P. R." and left at this office, will meet prompt attention.

POST MATCH—Centreville Course. L. I.

A Post Trotting Match will come off over the above course on Tuesday, Oct. 10th, for $500 a side, h. ft., Three mile heats, under the Saddle, between *Daniel D. Tompkins* and a horse to be named the evening previous to the race.

JOEL CONKLIN, *Proprietor.*

Camden and Philadelphia Jockey Club Races.

THE Fall meeting over this Course will commence the 4th Tuesday, 24th Oct., and continue four days.

First Day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100; 7 subs. and closed—viz:

J. M. Selden names b. c. Pinkney, by Sussex, dam by Eclipse.
Wm. Jones names b. c. by Lovel, out of Ellen by Eclipse.
A. L. Botts names s. f. by Eclipse, out of Phillis.
Isham Puckett names b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Lady Lagrange.
J. S. Garrison names s. f. Sally Bertrand, by Bertrand, out of Sally Hornet.
Wm. Townes names ch. f. Eloise, by Luzborough, out of Mary Wash by Don Quixotte.
Wm. R. Johnson names b. c. by Eclipse, out of J. Goodrum's Virginian mare.

Same Day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, Two mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200; 4 subs. and closed, viz:—

Wm. Townes names b. c. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Shylock.
Wm. R. Johnson names br. f. by Sir Charles, out of Polly Peacham by John Richards.
Wm. Wynn names b. c. Picton, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella.
John D. Kirby names b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Silver Tail by Sir Archie.

Second Day—A Match race, Mile heats, for $400, between Mr. Leiper's br. f. and Mr. Cochran's ch. c.

Same Day—Proprietor's Purse $300, Two mile heats; ent. $15.

Third Day—A Match race for $10,000 a-side, $3,000 ft., Four mile heats, between Charlotte Russe and Lady Cliffden.

Same Day—A Purse of $500, Three mile heats; ent $25.

Fourth Day—Jockey Club Purse $1,000, Four mile heats; ent. $50.

Philadelphia, Sept. 26, 1837. [S30] WM. N. FRIEND, *Proprietor.*

COLUMBUS (Miss.) JOCKEY CLUB FALL RACES.

THE Fall Races over the Hyde Park Course, will come off on the 16th Oct., with the following Purses:—

First Day—Sweepstake for colts and fillies, 3 yrs. old last Spring, Mile heats, $200, entrance, h.f.; 3 or more to make a race, and close 10th Oct. Entries made by address to Proprietors, at Columbus, Miss.

Second Day—Sportman's Purse $250 entrance, p. p. Two mile heats; two or more to make a race; to close first day of the races, and free to all ages.

Third Day—Purse $500, Three mile heats, free for all ages; ent. $25.

Fourth Day—Purse $1000, Four mile heats, free for all ages; ent. $50.

Fifth Day—Proprietor's Purse $300, best 3 in 5; free for all ages; ent. $15.

This is now one of the handsomest and best improved Courses in the South. Racers travelling south to Mobile and New Orleans will find it both convenient and to their interests to come by this way, as the time of the races here will allow them to take either the Alabama or Mississippi route to Mobile and New Orleans, and run at all intermediate places. Race horses will be accommodated with stabling and litter gratis, by the

Columbus, Miss., Aug. 15, 1837. THE PROPRIETORS.

KENDALL COURSE—FALL MEETING, 1837.

THE Jockey Club Races, over the Kendall Course, Md., will commence on Tuesday, 10th Oct., and continue four days.

First Day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100; 4 subs. and closed.

1. Col. Wm Wynn names b. c. Picton, by Luzborough, out of Isabella, by Sir Archy.
2. Col. Wm. R. Johnson names b. c. by Andrew, out of the dam of Vertumnus.
3. John D. Kirby names Dr. A. T. B. Merritt's b. f. Caledonia Brander, (Imp.), by Longwaist, dam by Orville.
4. Jas. B. Kendall names b. c. Balie Peyton, by Andrew, dam by Eclipse.

Same Day—Second Race.—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring, 1837, that never won a race; Two mile heats; ent. $200, ft. $100. Now two subs., the period of closing not yet at hand. This stake promises to be well filled—there are four promised entries, which these interested may calculate on.

Second Day—Proprietor's Purse $400, Three mile heats; ent. $20.

Same Day—Second Race.—A match race, Four miles and repeat, for $1000, between Mr. James Kellum's ro. h. Blue Ruin, 5 yrs. old, by Logan, dam by Doctor, and Mr. W. H. Parker's b. h. by Logan, dam not given, 5 yrs. old—both Va. nags.

Third Day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Four mile heats; ent. $30.

Fourth Day—Silver Plate, value $350, Two mile heats, the winner to take plate or money; ent. agreeable to the number of entries.

Same Day—Second Race—Purse $200, Two mile heats; ent. $15; free only for nags bred or owned in Maryland and District of Columbia.

The track, as usual, in perfect order; good stables and litter gratis, with every accommodation for man and horse. [s16] JAS. B. KENDALL, *Proprietor.*

JOHN GILBERT

BEGS to inform his friends and the public that he has commenced the Commission Business in the City of New York. Liberal advances will be made on Cotton and all other articles of produce consigned to him. He will also purchase merchandise for country merchants on order, at 2½ per cent commission, and exercise his best judgment and taste in the selection of goods.

From a long experience in mercantile pursuits, having attended to a general business in one of the Southern States for many years, and the last five years in this city, he hopes to receive a liberal patronage. The utmost despatch and an unflinching adherence to instructions will be strictly observed.

Office No. 156 Pearl-street, New York. [s16-tf]

ELKHORN (Ky.) FALL RACES

WILL come off the first Wednesday in November, 1837.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, ent. $100, h. ft., and closed.

Wm. Buford, jun., names ch. f. Ellen Tree, by Medoc, out of Morocco, by Tiger.
L. Sanders, jun., names b. f. Julia Dumont, by McDuffie, dam by Turpin's horse.
John Clarke names b. c. Hawk-eye, by Sir Lovell, dam by Sir William.

On the same day, a Sweepstakes, One mile out, for 3 yr. olds, ent. $25.

Lewis Sanders, jun., names b. c. by McDuffie.
Dr. L. Sanders names b. f. by Trumpator.
Ben. Luchett names ch. f. by Jackson, dam by Sumpter.

Second Day—Purse $300, Three mile heats, ent. $30.

Third Day—Purse $300, Two mile heats, ent. $20.

Fourth Day—Sweepstakes, Mile heats, ent. $50, free for all ages, to remain open up to the evening previous to the race.

On the same day, at 3 o'clock, a Post Stake for 3 year olds, that have never won a race, ent. $50. BEN. LUCKETT, *Secretary.*

Elkhorn, Ky., Sept. 1, 1837.—[S 16]

NEW ORLEANS J. C. RACES—ECLIPE COURSE.

THE NEW ORLEANS RACES, over the Eclipse Course, will commence the first Tuesday in December, 1837, for the following purses.—

Four mile heats $3000, $500 to the second best horse.
Three mile heats $2000, $400 to the second best horse.
Two mile heats $1500, $300 to the second best horse.

Two mile heats, Plate, value $1000—5 year olds and under, their appropriate weight; 6 yr. olds and over, 100lbs. Liberal purses will be given for Mile heats and Mile heats best 3 in 5. Same purses will be given at the Spring meeting, the first Tuesday in April, 1838.

Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor and Treasurer.*

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, Fall meeting, 1837; to commence 1st Tuesday in December.

A Post Stake for all ages, Four mile heats; sub. $5000, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To be run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in December. To close the 1st Sept. 1837. One subscriber.—This stake will in all probability have 6 subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, to run 1st day of the Fall meeting, 1837, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250; to name and close as above.

Spring meeting, 1838, to commence 1st Tuesday in April.

A Post Stake, P. P., for 3 year old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $1000; 5 subs. and closed.

Sweepstakes for all ages, Three mile heats; sub. $2500, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in April. To name and close the 1st of Jan. 1838. Address Y. N. OLIVER, New Orleans.

New Orleans, May 1, 1837. [m13]

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

JUST received, a large supply of WADE'S WORM and CONDITION POWDERS, for horses, a medicine well known in England and France, where it has stood the test of experience, and certificates granted by the first veterinary surgeons, recommending all who keep horses particularly to use the powders at this season of the year, in order to promote the animals condition. These powders destroy the worms, loosens the hide, fines the coat, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They require no restraint in either labor or feeding, and require little trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed at night.

Agent for New York, J. H. Howard, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, and J. G Howard, corner of Hicks and Fulton-streets, Brooklyn. [Ap26]

MILLEDGEVILLE (Ga.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

ON the 2d Tuesday in November next the races over the Milledgeville Course will commence, in the following order.

First Day—Mile heats, for colts, a fine Silver Pitcher and Cup, worth	$150
Second Day—Two mile heats, free for all, Purse	300
Third Day—Three mile heats, free for all, Purse	600
Fourth Day—Four mile heats, free for all, Purse	800
Fifth Day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5	350

☞ The money to be hung up each day.
☞ The Races to be governed by the Rules of the Lafayette Course, Augusta.

[s16] HENRY F. YOUNG & Co., *Proprietors.*

GREENSBORO' (Ala.) J. C. RACES,

OVER THE HENRY COURSE, will commence on the 5th Tuesday, 31st day of October next.

First Day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, ent. $100, h. ft.: Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st September, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.
A. Webster. Saml. H. Early. N. B. Starke. Wm. M. Inge.

Second Day—Proprietor's Purse, $300; free for all ages; ent. $20. Two Mile heats.

Same Day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, ent. $200, h. ft.; Two Mile heats, 3 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st September, 1837. Now one Subscriber—Wm. M. Inge.

Third Day—Jockey Club Purse, $1000; ent. $50; $200 to be awarded to the second best horse in the race, provided he saves his distance. Four Mile heats.

Fourth Day—A Poststake for 3 yr old colts and fillies; ent. $200, p. p.; Two Mile heats; now one Subscriber—Wm. A. Verell.

Same Day—A Sweepstake, free for all ages (weights for age), ent. $200, p. p.; Two mile heats.
SUBSCRIBERS.
Wm. H. Leland. Early & Amis. N. B. Starke. Jno. B. Jones. Wm. M. Inge.

Fifth Day—A Sweepstake for 4 yr. olds; ent. $500, p. p. Two Mile heats.
SUBSCRIBERS.
Wm. A. Verell. N. B. Starke. Edw. Johnson. Levin Gale.

Any communication addressed to either of the Proprietors, Greensboro', will be attended to.

H. A. TAYLOE,
J. C. BRANCH,
ROBT. BEVERLEY.

Greensboro', Ala., June 22d, 1837. [Jy15]

SWEEPSTAKES—MULBERRY COURSE, Va.

THE following Stakes are to be run over the Mulberry Course, near Fredericksburgh, Fall meeting, 1837, to commence the 4th Tuesday in Oct.

A Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $150. To close the evening preceding the 1st day's race.

A Post Stake free for all ages, Two mile heats; sub. $200. To close 1st Oct.

A Produce Stake for colts and fillies foaled Spring, 1838, to run Spring, 1841, then 3 years old; Mile heats; sub. $500, ft. $200. To name and close 1st Jan., 1838. Now 10 subs.

Lynchburg, July 5, 1837. [J15-tls] J. H. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

TO SPORTSMEN.

THE subscriber has received by late arrivals from Europe an excellent assortment of single and double barrel PERCUSSION FOWLING PIECES, manufactered by WESTLEY RICHARDS of London, and other celebrated makers, which he offers on most advantageous terms, wholesale and retail.

N. B. On hand some very fair second hand double barrel, flint lock, Fowling Pieces, to be sold very cheap. Pocket, Holster, Bell and Dewelling Pistols.

[Sept. 16 St.] W. F. WREAKS, 113, Fulton-street.

DOYLE AND MAY

DEALERS in American and English Crown Window Glass.

sr30 No. 3 Carondelet street, New Orleans.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Seventh) of this paper was commenced on the 18th of February, 1837, being the *second* volume of a NEW SERIES, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

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